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[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG.

BY L'ASPIRANT.

It often falls, in course of human life,
That Right, long time is over borne of wrong,
Through avarice, or power or guilt, or strife,
That weekens her and makes her party strong;
But Justice though her dome she do prolong,
Yet, at the last, she will her own course right.
—*Spencer.*

There's a conflict ever raging
'Twixt Error's minions and the Right—
A conflict with the world; combatants,
With Truth or Error, all unite;
We are soldiers in the battle,
Life-enlisted for the fight,
Fighting under Error's banner,
Or for Justice and the Right.

Error claims the greatest numbers,
Right, a small but trusty band,
Fighting with unflinching courage—
Heart with heart and hand with hand;
Some will gain unfading laurels—
All will for the prize contend;
Some will win and some will falter—
Crowns await them at the end.

Error for a while may triumph,
Trample Justice in the dust,
Right for a time be over-borne
By Sin, and Wrong, and dark-hued Lust!
The struggle may be long and fearful—
Brave sons will the Right defend;
Error for a while triumphant—
Truth will conquer in the end.

All are soldiers in this battle,
Life-enlisted for the fight,
Fighting under Error's banner,
Or for Justice and the Right;
Some will gain unfading laurels—
All will for the prize contend;
Some will win and some will falter—
Crowns await them at the end.

East Smithfield, Pa., May, 1863.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

EFFIE CARLETON.

Leaf from the Heart History of an Authoress.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.

BY MAY OSGOOD.

"Come and sit beside me for a moment, Effie; I have much to say to you—do not leave me yet!"

"It is late, and the room is cold—I will hear you in the morning," and the speaker, a slight, delicate-looking girl, drew herself up, and shivered slightly, though more with agitation than with cold.

It is a strange and almost awful feeling, that mysterious tremor which pervades the frame, and thrills through every nerve, at moments when the crisis of one's destiny has arrived, and we feel that it is useless longer to struggle with or strive to avoid it. So felt Effie Carleton, though she could not have told why, at the moment when we introduce her to you; a feeling of utter powerlessness oppressed her, and when her companion, a tall and graceful man, extended his hand to draw her to a seat near him, she yielded without further remonstrance.

"No, Effie, to-night," he said, "I cannot go to my room without an explanation with you. I offended you this morning, but indeed I did not mean it, and—you will forgive me, will you not?"

"If you did not *mean* to offend me, no forgiveness is required," she replied; "it is only a *wilful* offence for which one needs to be pardoned. So, if that is all you have to say, the matter is easily settled," and, rallying her courage, she held out her hand, with "Good-night, Mr. Herbert; we shall understand each other by-and-by perhaps, and I think we can be friends."

"*Friends!*" The hand she gave was retained in a close yet tender clasp, and the tone in which that word was uttered thrilled to her very soul. "*Friends*, Effie! That word does not satisfy me—if we cannot be something more than friends, I had better never see you again, for it will be but torturing myself to no purpose."

She was not surprised—she knew that this was what he wished to say; his eyes, his softened tone when he addressed her, had told her it long before, but she had no answer ready. What true woman, at such an instant, has? She sank back upon the ottoman, from which she had risen when she said "Good-night," and, not daring to look up into the earnest eyes whose burning gaze she *felt*, though she did not meet it, listened silently, breathlessly, to words which seemed to mean all that they expressed of fervent devotion, of undying love.

"Speak to me, Effie!" he said, at length, pausing in his earnest protestations, "can you not bid me hope?"

"But this is so sudden," she murmured, "we have known each other such a little while."

"I have loved you from the first hour in which I ever saw you, Effie," he replied; "a shorter or a longer time could make no difference in my feelings. I know I am not mistaken in your character, and for myself I only ask to be allowed to prove myself worthy of the love I seek. I do not ask you to marry me, or even to say that you love me now; take any time you like, subject me to what test you please, only give me a hope that, if you find me not unworthy, you will love me and be my wife."

"But I am not beautiful," whispered the trembling and agitated girl; "you will regret this—my sisters are so lovely, but I—"

"Suffer me to judge for myself, fair lady," and, emboldened by her evident agitation, he ventured to pass his arm around her and draw her closer to him; "I would not give this hand which rests in mine," and he raised it to his lips as he spoke, "for the loveliest face and form in this goodly city. As for beauty, Effie," he continued, more gravely, "it is not that I seek, though in my eyes you are very fair; it is your mind that I prize; it is your glorious talents that attract me, and they will not change and fail as mere exterior loveliness might do. My love is founded upon a rock; will you accept it, Effie?"

She did not speak, and he continued, "I must leave you in the morning; I may not see you again for months. I am very lonely, you know I have few to love me, none whom I can love with my whole heart—I have told you all about this before. Effie, may I not, when far away, look back to this quiet home of yours as a centre? May not my affections, so long homeless and objectless, rest here?"

The face was turned from him, and the eyes were shaded by the hand, but he felt that it was not rejection quivering on the lip, and, with his arm still round her, he said, softly, "Tell me to hope, Effie—tell me you will love me by-and-by, if I prove myself worthy."

For the first time, she lifted her eyes to his, and spoke, clearly and distinctly, "Will this satisfy you?" she said.

"It will, for the present," he replied.

"Then be satisfied!" she said, and the dark curls were laid shyly yet lovingly against his shoulder, while the murmured words of gratitude and of endearment which fell from his lips, as he pressed kiss after kiss upon the fair hand still prisoned in his, or upon the glossy ringlets which concealed the glowing countenance, showed how well he was satisfied.

He had reason to be, for Effie Carleton would have given no such assent, conditional as it seemed, to the hopes of one whom she did not fondly and truly love. Nor was there doubt of him or of his truth mingled with the happiness which filled her heart as she rested her head upon his bosom, and listened to his words of affection. True, she had known him but a little while; it was not many months since they had met for the first time, but heart had sprung to heart at that first meeting, and, with a woman's quick intuition, she knew that she was loved. Her own feelings she had guarded better, for well she knew how little man prizes the love which is won unsought, and she deemed, too, that it might be with him but a passing fancy, sincere while it lasted, but transient as man's love too often is. So it was with doubt and fear, which only his pride prevented him from showing, that Philip Herbert had dared to tell his love, and his rapture knew no bounds when he found himself accepted. For, once encircled by his arms, her head upon his bosom, he soon won from her the confession how very dear he was, how precious his love was to her. Not that she *meant* to tell him—not that she *did, in words*, but he knew well how to interpret the half-uttered sentence, and to lead her on to avowals she had not contemplated, and when they parted for the night he pressed his lips to hers, unreproved, and called her "*my* Effie! my *wife!*"

These words were very sweet to Effie Carleton; *how* sweet only those can know who, like her, have pined for love, long denied them, and grown well-nigh hopeless of ever winning a heart which could satisfy their own. She was not beautiful, and she knew it; nay, she fancied herself plainer than she seemed to others, for she could not see how her face lighted up when conversing, nor did her mirror give her back the bright and winning smile with which those she cared for were greeted. Her sisters were, as she had said to Herbert, very lovely, and in her pride of their beauty she often forgot herself entirely, but there were moments when her woman's heart longed passionately for love and appreciation, and then she would whisper to herself, sadly, "I am not beautiful—I shall never be beloved."

So years passed on, and, at the time of which we speak, Effie was twenty-five, and, shrinking constantly more within herself, the sensitiveness of extremely fragile health added to her natural distaste for society, it seemed every day less likely that she should attract and win one whom she could love. And she had almost ceased to dream of any affection but that lavished on her sisters and on the few cherished friends who understood and knew her; those who had sought her hand, (and, unattractive as she thought herself, she had said "no!" more than once,) were not such as she could love, and so her life was gliding on quietly, and to all appearance cheerfully, though with a dark, cold under-current of loneliness at her heart, for which she often chided herself, yet which would sometimes find vent in words of sorrowful song. For Effie was a poetess, though unrecognized and unknown, except by the very few she loved, and, when her heart was heavy and her spirit sad, the mournful numbers flowed without an effort from her pen. And thus she sometimes sung, though to her own heart only:

To love—to be beloved in turn—to feel
That I alone on earth had power to bless,
To lose, in caring for another's weal,
Of my own separate life, the consciousness;
To live but in his happiness, to dream
Of him by night, and think of him by day;
To cling for guidance and support to him,
To plead for him with warm tears when I pray,
All this is in my inmost heart, but none
Have called it forth. I walk the world alone.

Alone! alone! alone! that weary word
Falls like a weight of lead upon my heart,
And hidden depths of agony are stirred
Into new life with quick convulsive start.
Before me stretches life's unsheltered way,
O'er arid heath and hill-side bleak and bare,
No arm to lean on, no strong heart my stay,
No loving voice to lighten all my care.
What wonder if my woman's spirit quail,
If my step falter, and my cheek grow pale.

One of the wisest of our modern poets has said, "it is a holy thirst to long for Love's requital," and our poor Effie may well be pardoned if her sensitive nature sometimes shrank from the life of loneliness to which she fancied herself doomed. It was only to the unsympathizing leaves of her journal or her portfolio, though, that she ever owned this shrinking; she had no wish to tear open the page nearest her heart for the inspection of even her most intimate friends, far less that the world might read. Effie was not yet an authoress, and perhaps she might never have been one, had not—but we will not anticipate.

How Philip Herbert discovered the talents which, he had told her, attracted him to her, it might have been hard to tell; but, from the first, there had been a strange, sweet sympathy between them, and she had talked to him more freely than she did to most. Then, on his first visit to her father's house, a slight accident, which might have been serious, forced him to accept for a while the hospitalities of the mansion, confining him for a day or two to the sofa. And Effie's hand had bathed his aching temples, and rendered all the thousand little offices so grateful to the sick, and, thus thrown together, perhaps it was not wonderful that, when he left them, her image followed him, and that, after three or four visits, he had come this time, resolved to know his fate, the more that he expected every day the summons which might call him away for months.

How his wooing prospered we have told you; how happy Effie was that night there are no words to tell. Into *his* heart we cannot look; it is hard for woman, at any time, to read the soul of man, to trace its hidden workings and its mingled motives; all she can do, even with him she loves best, is to *trust*—and oh! how implicitly she *does* trust one who has won her heart. No accusation, no circumstances, however strong, can shake that perfect confidence; none can destroy it, save he in whom it is reposed. *He may*—not by one act or by two, but let him prove himself unworthy of such trust, and, to a true woman, the charm of love is gone. It may live on; it *will*, for "they sin, who tell us love can die," but it will be a perpetual agony, a living death.

But this is a digression; let us return to Effie. Sleep did not visit her eyelids that night, but waking dreams of happiness were hovering round her pillow. She had at last some one to love her, one whom she might love better than all the world beside, and she would try so to make him happy, and watch every look and every wish of his so tenderly. Life did not look so terrible to her now, if she might meet it by his side, leaning on his strong arm, and sheltered by his warm heart—oh! she was very happy, our poor Effie!

She was alone in the breakfast-room when he came down the next morning, and very lovely he thought she looked in her neat morning dress, as she lifted her eyes to his, so fondly yet so shyly. She shrank from the embrace in which he would have folded her, just suffering his lips to touch her cheek, and, after a moment's silence, she said:

"Philip, you will not speak of what passed last night?"

"Must I not?" he asked. "May I not claim you at once as mine?"

"Oh, no! no!" she said, eagerly, "not now—"

"But why?" he asked. "You do not regret it, Effie?"

"No! but," and the color in her usually pale cheek deepened to crimson, "it will be a long time yet—"

"Before we can marry," he said, as she paused and hesitated; "yes, for I will not ask you to take my name until I have just such a home for you as you ought to have, and you, though you think you love me, I know want to be better acquainted with me, before you entrust me with your happiness."

"I am not sure that I have not done that already," she sighed, half mournfully.

"Don't sigh about it, Effie," he said, playfully yet tenderly, as he drew her closer to him; "indeed you shall have no cause to regret it; I will guard your happiness very carefully, if you will entrust me with it; will you? *have* you?"

Apparently he was satisfied with the answer he read in the soft eyes raised to his for an instant, for he proceeded, as if she had spoken: "Then why not let me tell my friends and yours? Why not let these busy and gossiping neighbors, who have so interested themselves in my visits here, know that their surmises only outran the truth a little way?"

"Because—because—" and her head drooped to his shoulder, as he sat, and she stood beside him; "oh! indeed I would rather not! Please, Philip, don't urge it."

"But tell me why," he persisted. "Are you ashamed of me? I do not care who knows that I love you, Effie; I fear you do not feel like I do."

"I cannot help feeling as I do," she replied, hesitatingly; "I do not think," and again the color mounted to her very temples, "I do not think it is from any lack of—of—love for you; I am sure it is not, but, oh! Philip!" she added, earnestly, the tears rising to her eyes, "is not our love too sweet and sacred a thing to be made the theme of trivial gossip, the jest of idle tongues?"

"But they *will* talk, Effie; have not remarks been made in regard to my visits here, since the second time I ever entered the house? Do give them, for once, something to say."

"Oh, no! when you are gone, they will find some other topic of conversation, some other 'nine days' wonder.' Must you go to-day?" and, as she changed the conversation thus abruptly, she drew her hand from his, and resumed the seat from which she had risen to greet him at his entrance.

"I don't know," he said, smiling, as he exchanged morning salutations with two fair young girls who just then entered. "I laid awake half the night," he continued, "trying to devise some good excuse for staying all day. I could make up for lost time by travelling all night when I do start—what do you say, Minnie? May I stay, Dora?"

"Oh! stay, by all means," said Dora, a merry-looking, brilliant girl of eighteen, while the younger of the two remarked gravely, yet with a laughing sparkle in her eye, "*I* was always taught that one should look at the person one addressed, but you *speak* to Dora and me, and *look* at Effie; it's *her* permission you want, isn't it?"

"Effie will let me stay, if she thinks you wish it, mischief!" he replied, laughing, yet coloring a little too. "I found out, long ago, who to ask for what I wanted; I know who is queen here."

"I acknowledge your sagacity," said the laughing girl, "and to prove my appreciation of it, I give you full leave to remain in my dominions as long as suits your convenience, always provided that you do not make yourself too disagreeable to Effie, for whose comfort I feel myself more especially bound to care, as the most loyal of my subjects. Shall you be able to endure Mr. Herbert's presence for another day, Effie?"

"Probably, if such be your majesty's pleasure," rejoined Effie, "but breakfast is ready, and all weighty matters of discussion must give way to that."

That day was a very happy one to Effie Carleton; the young sisters, with whom Philip Herbert was an especial favorite, and who wished nothing more than that he should become their brother, left him much alone with Effie, discovering, perhaps, that this was most agreeable to each.

"Who but would fain compress
A life into a day,
The last day spent with one
Who, ere to-morrow's sun,
Must leave us, and for aye."

Much was said—more thought and felt, for which no language could be found. How many times, that day, did he imprison the little hand, whose tremulous fingers strove vainly to busy themselves as usual with the needle-work ever at hand, and gaze delightedly upon the blushes crimsoning the half-averted face, as he pressed it to his lips, whispering, "Mine! mine! Effie, all mine!" It was a new and very sweet experience to Effie, and long afterward, that day, with its unforgotten enjoyment, was the sunshine of her daily path, investing everything with its own brightness. Still, though every pulse was throbbing tumultuously, and her heart full to overflowing, her outward demeanor was so calm that her lover more than once accused her of coldness. "You are so quiet, so calm, Effie," he would say, "you do not enter into my feelings;" and her sisters puzzled themselves with conjectures as to whether Effie really cared for Philip Herbert or not.

"It's plain enough," remarked Minnie, sagely, "what *he* is thinking of; I never saw more evident devotion than every look and tone shows when he speaks to her, on even the most trivial subjects."

"Yes," said Dora, "he makes 'Effie' sound more like 'darling' or 'dearest' than a simple name, every time he pronounces it. It's all up with him, poor fellow, if she won't have him."

"Oh! but she will, she must," exclaimed Miss Minnie; "I like Philip, and I'm not going to have him badly treated. I've a great mind to tell Effie so—if I could only find out whether she loves him or not—I'll watch her well."

But, with all her watching, evening came, and Philip again left them, this time for months, and she was still unable to determine what Effie's feelings were. Had she seen the long, intense gaze which Effie fixed upon her lover's face when she knew that the parting hour had come, and witnessed the passionate, uncontrollable burst of emotion with which she hid her face in his bosom, as he drew her to him, asking, tenderly, "What is it, Effie, love? Why do you look up at me so piteously?"

"It may be for the last time, the *last* time," she sobbed. "Oh! Philip, Philip, why must you go away?"

Had Minnie seen this, she would no longer have been at a loss as to what her sister's feelings were, but she heard only the calm voice in which, a short time after, she called "Mr. Herbert wishes to say good-bye, girls—he is going," and saw only how quietly she gave her hand into his, as he turned to her again, after exchanging adieus with them. She spoke no word—he, but one, "Effie!" and with one long look upon her face, which she did not meet, he was gone.

Weeks passed, and months, cheered by frequent letters, made happy by the consciousness of being beloved, and to Effie Carleton's vision no summer half so beautiful had ever brightened earth. It was in March that they had parted, and in July or August, at the farthest, he had promised to be with her again; then he would spend a longer time with them than he had ever done as yet, and then, if she would consent, he would ask her father's sanction of his suit, and claim her openly as his betrothed. And she had fully resolved to permit him so to do, for she had begun to grow weary of repressing her feelings so entirely, and longed to have her sisters sympathize with her in her happiness. She had enforced concealment at first from a mere impulse of shrinking delicacy, which could not endure to have her heart's most cherished secret laid open even to those nearest and dearest, and afterwards, from a sort of shame that she should have been, as she thought, so easily and quickly won, and from a wish, scarcely owned to herself, that his love should be tested by time and absence, before she accepted it openly. Poor Effie! her course was not a wise one, but when is a genuine woman wise in matters where her own heart's happiness is concerned?

The summer proved to be a hot and trying one, and Effie, never very strong, became ill. Ah! how she longed then for the presence of the loved one, how often she fancied the relief it would be to lay her aching, fevered head on his strong heart, and how the touch of his hand would have strengthened her. But he did not come, and she even thought (though she tried to persuade herself it was but because she was ill and nervous) that his letters were less warm and tender than at first. He knew that she was not well, though he had no idea how much she was suffering, for she forced herself to write cheerfully and even gaily, when unable to sit up without support, and so weak as to be scarcely able to guide her pen, for she judged his nature by her own, and would neither fail to write, nor say a word which might make him anxious.

But in the still night watches, alone, and tossing restlessly with fever and pain, her heart went out to him in cries audible only to the Most High. Sometimes her thoughts shaped themselves involuntarily, as was their wont, into simple rhymes, like these:

Afar! afar! the morning brings no gladness,
Severed from thee;
The evening shadows fall with deeper sadness,
Across the sea.

The flowers I used to love are round me drooping,
I heed them not—
Sad, bitter thoughts across my soul are trooping—
Am I forgot?

Afar! afar! what care I for the morning,
With its bright star?
What for the silver moon the eve adorning?
Thou art afar!

And again—

Are you thinking of me, dearest?
I am very lonely here
And I'm striving, vainly striving,
To repress the starting tear.
The days seem long and dreary,
While far from me you rove,
And my thoughts are ever with you—
Are you thinking of me, love?

Sometimes in dreams I meet you,
And the love-light in your eye
Shines on me warm and kindly,
As it used in days gone by.
I feel your hand's warm pressure,
And hear fond words, which prove
The deep, pure love you bear me,
Are you thinking of me, love?

Oh! I love you dearly, dearly,
And it cannot be in vain,
That for all the love you lavish,
I should give you love again.
So, tho' time and distance sever,
And absence sorely prove,
I'll think of you forever,
Are you thinking of me, love?

Where, all the while, was he to whom these heart-utterances were addressed? At home, among his friends—the life of pic-nic, party and excursion—the escort of more than one fair girl, whose flushing cheek and smile of welcome flattered his vanity, and brought him often to her side. Was he false to Effie? Not deliberately, not consciously even; he would have resented such a suspicion; he snatched time from his pleasures to write to her, *he* thought, pretty regularly, and if his letters were brief and hasty, why, Effie would excuse that. And if the gentle, loving missives telling him how much she longed for him, occasioned any emotion, he put it from him with the thought, "Oh! Effie is so quiet, she will not care to have me there, now she is sick, and it would be very dull for me; I will go by-and-by."

No thought of the aching, throbbing temples longing to be pillowed on his breast; no thought of the tearful eyes watching, day and night, for his promised coming; absorbed in present enjoyment, the weeks passed by unheeded, until he became at last conscious that it was a long time since he had heard from Effie, and on discovering, by a reference to his diary, that he had written last, he began to feel himself an injured individual, and to be properly indignant.

Effie, meantime, had excused him to herself and to her sisters, who, though they did not know how she was pining for him, knew that he had promised them a visit, and felt aggrieved that he did not come. Even to herself she would not own that he was neglecting her, though at length weeks passed without a letter, and she grew too ill and feeble to write again and ask why.

But, after what seemed to her an interminable silence, came a letter, and Effie seized it with an eagerness she strove vainly to conceal. Poor girl! it was to read reproachful words, which, in the first shock of her disappointment, seemed to her very bitter.

"Strange that you do not write, Effie," wrote this "lord of the creation" to his suffering, trembling subject; "it is at least a month since I have heard from you, and I am at a loss what to think. If you have tired of me as a correspondent, you ought at least to tell me so, and not keep me in suspense, looking, day after day, for letters which do not come. I suppose that you do not find my letters worth answering, for I know very well that I have not your talent in that line, but I confess that I do not relish being dropped, silently, in this fashion, without a word of explanation." This was the burden of the letter so longed, so watched for, concluding with a careless reference to her "indisposition, from which he hoped she was now quite recovered."

Was it wonderful that poor Effie should, as she read it, in her heart, pray to die? Not one loving word, not one anxious fear that severer illness had kept her from writing, not one indication of the feeling which, had their positions been reversed, would have filled her heart, and carried her irresistibly to his side in the fear that he was needing her. She did feel inexpressibly wounded, and if a little aggrieved also, one could hardly wonder at it. Her indignation, however, soon died out, and only gentle feelings filled her heart again, before she was able to write. And, spite of himself, the letter touched him, and his reply, compared with the epistle which had preceded it, was kind. It fixed a positive time for his coming, too, and it was pitiful to see the efforts which Effie made to gain health, and strength, and cheerfulness, against he should be there. She had begun to learn (what most women learn, sooner or later,) that his nature was not like her own; that the feebleness and need of loving care which would have called forth ten-fold tenderness *from* her, would, *in* her, but alienate the love she craved, and make her only a burden; that, to be loved by him, she must be bright, cheerful, and *lovely*, needful to him, not needing him. A year before, she would have said that such a consciousness would estrange her; now, she only knew that *nothing* could alienate the heart which, so long its own, had at last entwined every tendril of its nature around another.

It was autumn before Philip Herbert stood again in the presence of his betrothed, but his heart was touched then, for he was not intentionally cruel, nor hard in his nature; *only* impulsive and fickle. God help the woman who loves one endowed with all manly grace and beauty, with every quality calculated to win and to retain affection, *only* inconstant and unstable; she had better have fallen into the hands of the Inquisition in its palmiest days.

But Effie's thin cheek, flushing and paling as she rose to meet him, and the nervously-clasped hands, almost transparent in their whiteness, touched our hero, (what is a tale without a hero?) and, flattered by seeing his power over one whom, in his inmost soul, he recognized as vastly superior to those with whom he had been amusing himself, he really for once used that power mercifully. And she, poor, silly child! the hands which unlocked the tight clasp of hers, and folded them in a close, warm pressure, seemed to lift the load which had been crushing the life from her heart; the cheek laid so tenderly against her own sent warmth through the soul, so long cold and shivering in its loneliness, and she was once more happy in her entire confidence in him. And, although when others were by, shrinking and reserved as she had ever been, when alone with him, she scarcely tried to repress the unutterable tenderness which filled her heart. The very struggle through which she had passed in his absence, the very effort to control everything like resentment, when he had seemed unkind, and to accept all that he did as right, had made her feel herself more truly his wife.

One thing troubled her; though in the spring so urgent for permission to make their engagement known, he never seemed to think of it now. The visit to which she had looked forward so eagerly as the time when she might openly accept his love and enjoy her sisters' sympathy, was passing, and not a word had he spoken of claiming her. And beside, though tender and devoted enough when no one was by, among the family, his attention, once exclusively hers, was divided very impartially among the sisters, and the gossips, who had long before assigned him very decidedly to Effie, now declared they "didn't know which of those girls Philip Herbert was in love with." True, she had begged him, months ago, not to be quite so exclusive in his devotion to her, and had shrunk from having their relations to each other made known, and with this she comforted herself, when forced to own silently the difference that existed now. "It is because I asked it; it is only out of regard to my wishes," she told herself, but the "flattering unction" only half stilled the pain.

Yet it was such happiness to be near him, to watch every movement, to anticipate every wish, (more than rewarded by a smiling, "you are quick-sighted, Effie!" when something for which he had but just glanced round was brought him,) to lavish on him all the treasures of a mind and heart never before unsealed to mortal man, that she would not have admitted, had she been asked, that aught she craved was lacking.

But it was with undisguised dismay that she received the announcement, before he had been a week with her, "I must leave you to-morrow, Effie!" He had thrown himself down on a lounge, near which she was sitting at her work-table, and his outstretched hand was toying with her curls, his eyes watching, with indolent enjoyment, the delicate flush mounting to her temples at the touch of his fingers. It faded suddenly at his words, dying out even from her lips; "oh! Philip!" she exclaimed, then, meeting his merry smile as she looked up, it came back again, faintly, as she said, "but you are in jest; you should not try to frighten me so."

"In sober, solemn earnest, lady fair, unfortunately for myself. I did expect to stay a week, but I have just received letters telling me of business which demands my immediate presence. In fact, I ought to start in the next train, but I can't quite get my courage up to that."

There was no reply, and presently he added, in the same light, careless tone, "now, Effie, be a good girl; don't cry, I beg of you," and to her sensitive ear there was a quick, impatient accent in the voice, "you know I can't bear tears: I told you so, long ago."

Yes! he had told her so, playfully, with how different a tone and manner she too well remembered, in the early days of their acquaintance, and she had thought with shy gladness then, how difficult it was to unlock the sources of her tears, how rarely her emotions found vent in that way. But she was not quite strong or well yet, (though quite unconscious of the fact while he was beside her,) her nerves had been sadly shaken by the illness of the past summer, most of all by its vain longings for him, and it was too true that one tear was following another down her cheeks in spite of all effort to repress them. The way in which he bade her cease did not seem to make it very easy to obey, and, after a moment's ineffectual struggle, she slipped quietly through a door near her, and left him alone.

It was with a somewhat clouded brow that Mr. Herbert met Miss Carleton at the tea-table, where they next saw each other. But he had told the family meantime of the letters which summoned him away, and they attributed to regret at the sudden termination of his visit any lack of animation which he displayed. No one of them doubted that he loved Effie; he had shown his feelings toward her too plainly for that, and thinking his depression at leaving her quite natural, and that he would, of course, like to have her to himself on the last evening of his stay, they soon left the two sole occupants of the cozy, cheerful parlor.

Perhaps Effie understood better than the rest why he, usually the life of the circle, had been so dull; certainly, though she succeeded in appearing cheerful, her heart had grown heavier every moment, and she sat silently now, with something almost like dread of what might be at hand rather than the timid joy with which she was wont to nestle to his side. It was for the time a needless fear; the drooping figure, the spiritual face on which the fire-light cast a rosy flush, regained, for the moment, all their ascendancy over that impulsive nature, and forgetting the vexation he had been feeling since she left him so abruptly, he seated himself beside her, and took her hand in his; "my Effie!" he said, in those tones of music which could always sway her very soul, making her even *think* as he wished her to, while listening to him, "my Effie! you are not angry with me because I can no longer enjoy the happiness of being with you?"

"*Angry* with you! as if I *could* be!" and with one quick glance into the loving eyes bent on her, the color stole back to her cheek and the warmth to her heart; "but I did not dream of your leaving me so soon, and, oh! Philip, it is not easy to part."

"No! no! my darling! it is not, but I must leave you now that I may the sooner have that little home of ours ready, and when I have you there with me, we shall not be obliged to part any more."

"I wish we were there now," whispered poor Effie's heart, but too shy to say so, she only leaned her head upon his shoulder with a sigh of relief to find him once more acting and speaking as in the earlier days of their love. For the first time since his return, he told her of all his plans for the future, seeming to blend her image with them all; of his past history too he spoke to her more freely than he had ever done before, and as she listened and sympathized and consoled, she felt herself indeed his wife; absorbed in his interests to the entire forgetfulness of any separate existence of her own.

"Oh, Effie!" he said, at length, with a sudden sweep of his strong arm for which she was quite unprepared, lifting her from her seat beside him to one upon his knee, "what an unselfish little mortal you are! Here have I been talking about myself and my own affairs the livelong evening, scarcely giving you a chance to say a word, and yet you don't even look tired, you blessed little saint! I tell you Effie, you are a great deal too good for me. I wish sometimes you *were* a little more like other people, unless I were better and wiser than I am."

"Please, Philip, don't talk so," she said, eagerly; "I can't have you feel or think in this way. You are—"

"A good, common-place sort of fellow enough," he interposed, "but no match for you, Effie. Your husband ought to be a very different man from me. Every letter I receive from you makes me feel how superior you are to me, intellectually and morally."

Poor Effie held her breath, for he was speaking seriously now; the gay, light tone in which he had commenced had grown deep and earnest, and his handsome face wore the same cloud it had done at tea-time. Was this, then, the shadow which was to fall upon her path? Were the talents which God had given her, and which Herbert had told her, when he first sought her love, were the jewels of which he craved possession, the rock on which his affection was based—were *these* to be made a source of unhappiness to her or to him? She had never imagined that he could feel so; he had said it was her mind that attracted him, and, believing him, she had lavished all its treasures upon him, thinking, poor, silly girl, to make him love her more. Of superiority to *him*, of all people in the world, she had never even dreamed, for were not all *her* powers *his*? Did she not prize them only as they could give *him* pleasure, or add brightness to *his* name?

Alas! the words of Properzia Rossi have been echoed too often by the lips of the most gifted of her sex:

"Tell me no more, no more
Of my soul's lofty gifts! Are they not vain
To quench its haunting thirst for happiness?
Have I not loved, and striven, and failed to bind
One true heart unto me, whereon my own
Might find a resting-place, a home for all
Its burden of affections?"

Effie Carleton uttered no such eloquent words as these, however. She was grieved and hurt, but her words were common-place enough. "But what can I do?" she asked, simply. "I do not know how to write differently."

"No! that is just it," he rejoined, "it is no effort for you to throw your thoughts and feelings into the most beautiful words, that make a fellow feel he's not fit to touch the hem of your garment, much less write to you as an equal. If you knew how small your letters make me appear to myself, you wouldn't wonder that I did not write more frequently."

"Oh, Philip, how cruel!" She could say no more; the thought of that long, weary, suffering summer, through which she had yearned so vainly for his coming; of the letters into which she had poured her mind, her very soul, (more active, more brilliant than ever before, as the spirit often becomes when the body is weakest,) and all to alienate, instead of to endear her to him—it was too much to be borne, and, withdrawing herself from his clasping arm, she buried her face in both her hands and wept long and silently.

Mr. Herbert's face was decidedly moody as he watched her for awhile, making no attempt to soothe or comfort her; then, rising, he took a turn or two through the parlors, pausing more than once at the door, as if half disposed to leave her to the indulgence of her feelings. Apparently he thought better of it, after a time, for he sat down beside her again, and lifting her clustering ringlets, pressed his lips fondly to the white neck they shaded. It was his favorite caress when in high good-humor, because, he had told her once, he knew it was allowed to no one but himself, and she felt comforted even before his whispered words reached her ear.

"Cruel!" he said, "is it cruel, Effie, to feel that there is no one like you in the whole world, no one half so pure, so good, so lovely? Is it cruel to worship you, as I have done since the first moment that we met, as I never did anything else earthly?"

Poor Effie! the tone was one which always subdued her, and she was not proof against the words either. She began to think it was she who had been cruel and foolish, and to reproach herself for weeping again, (after resolving so firmly that she would not,) and when she knew how he disliked tears too. So, to make amends, she suffered him to lift her to his knee again, a freedom never permitted him before, and to kiss away her tears, and rock her in his arms as if she were indeed the "child" he called her, soothing and caressing her, until, in the exceeding happiness of his seeming so to love her, she almost forgot what had grieved her.

It came back to her when, having lighted his bed-room candle, she looked up at him to say good-night, for the last time she knew not for how long. He had evaded a definite answer to her question, "When will you come again?" and she was too sensitive to urge it. He set down the candle after taking it from her hand, and drew her head to his heart, which it just reached as she stood beside him, looking down upon her with intense affection in his eyes, and then the cry burst irrepressibly from her lips, "Philip! dear Philip! you will never talk to me again as you have done to-night—you *know* I am, in no sense, your superior."

Mr. Herbert's brow clouded for a moment, but cleared again as he looked down at the flushed and pleading face upon his bosom. Scarcely any man could have resisted the look of love he met there, and he replied, playfully, "It's your letters do the mischief, Effie; you are rarely gifted with the pen. But don't look so sad about it, little one! I don't feel the least bit afraid of you, when I hold you thus, close to my heart."

"My home! isn't it?" she whispered, softly.

"Your home, my darling!" and stooping suddenly, he pressed kiss after kiss upon her face; then, with quivering lip and filling eyes, he said, for the first and only time, "God bless you, Effie!" and left her precipitately, lest the tears, which all his dislike to them could not quite control, should be seen.

Everything seemed changed to Effie by that last interview, painful as it had in some respects been; he *must* love her, she thought, or he would not have told her all that he had, and she would never annoy him by doubts and fears again. Then, as her system regained its tone, she found pleasure in the performance of duties from which the summer's illness had so long laid her aside, and grew calmly, cheerfully content. And in the fulness of her heart, she could not but sing sometimes, as she used to do, of that which lay nearest her heart. That was, of course, of him; it was only thinking of him that she could have written, as follows:

Not for myself! for thee, for *thee*,
The wreath of fame be twined;
The blossoms of the heart for me,
Be *thine* the crown of *mind!*

If I have sought to scale the steep
Where the bright laurel grows,
Where wreaths of fadeless ivy creep,
And amaranthus glows,

'Tis not that I myself might wear
The chaplet I would twine,
But only that, in thy dark hair,
One garland more may shine.

I would that every eye might turn
Admiringly to *thee*,
But at thy feet to sit and learn
Is joy enough for me.

Could aught that I have power to do
Add to thy high renown,
Or sparkle, like a drop of dew,
Amid thy laurel crown,

My goal is gained—the only fame
I ask or seek is mine—
To add a lustre to *thy* name,
To feel that I am thine.

But, though addressed to him, Effie did not venture now, as she used, to send all that she wrote to Philip. The memory of what he had said, though she strove to forget it, was still too vivid for that; indeed, he seemed to take pains to prevent it from dying out by the frequent protestations of his entire unworthiness of her, and unfitness even to write to her, in which his letters abounded. But, resolved to keep the promise she had made, never to doubt him again, she said to herself, when his letters most pained her, "it is but the humility always attendant upon true affection—Heaven knows I too feel myself unworthy enough of the great blessing of his love, though it is not my way to speak of it as he does, and I suppose he never thinks of my having such an idea. He does not *mean* to pain me, and I will *not* be pained."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

WHY I ENLISTED.

BY MARION.

You ask me why I enlisted—said my messmate, John P——, of Company B, —th Regiment, of Iowa Volunteers, as we two were on picket duty near Corinth, just previous to the late battle there—well, it is not because I have no heart in the cause, that I seem so dispirited. No soldier, I think I can honestly say, possesses more patriotic enthusiasm than myself. No soldier possesses a keener sense of the importance of this struggle. No soldier can be more contented with the fare, nor less disposed to complain of the hardships and privations common to a soldier's service. Still, I must confess, I have many, many anxious thoughts about home, and you may say I am homesick; but that is not the trouble. A poor old mother and three sisters, all depending for support upon an only son and brother (myself), and the thought that even that support is as precarious as the fate of battles, causes much of my dejection.

But this is no answer to your question; and that question becomes more important since the statement I have made respecting my family. Why did I leave them thus unprovided for, to risk my life—a life, perhaps, more precious to them than to myself at this time—in this mortal contest? Was it patriotism? Though I am not wanting in that, it was *not* patriotism. Other causes have sent thousands to the army, and I am one of the number. Duty bade me stay at home till imperative necessity forced me to leave it.

I had a brother-in-law between whom and myself an enmity existed. It began with a sort of mutual dislike that must have had its origin in our conflicting temperaments; for he was of a very ungracious disposition, sensual, grovelling, superstitious, ignorant and dangerous in anger. He was also extremely suspicious of what seemed to reflect discredit upon himself, and always resented it passionately before making any investigation, a fault that caused him much trouble and expense in law.

Of course, I could barely tolerate him, even for my sister's sake. She, poor girl, was sensible of the incongeniality of her alliance, and was painfully sensitive to the notice taken of it by others. Luke was also sensitive, but had an offensive way of showing it—by curses and abuse. He was aware that I did not regard him favorably, and instead of endeavoring to amend the evil by a change of behavior, he added to it by numerous petty stories prejudicial to my character, that came to my ears by those who might have been prompted by an honest curiosity to know whether they were true or false.

Had I treated those reports with indifference, it is possible that my present circumstances would have been far more promising. I could once enjoy society with some degree of assurance, but now I could not, if at home, join my associates of better days with any expectation of welcome. I had hoped that time and events might efface the stain upon my character; but I am convinced that so long as the recollection of that one crime lives, the disgrace of its perpetration will live, and that will be so long as I live.

As it was, Luke's unfortunate slanders stung me to a deeper hatred of the man, and I made no effort to restrain my anger, but sought all occasions to taunt him with his meanness in the presence of others. Thus matters grew worse, till they culminated in the unfortunate tragedy I am about to relate. I have often reflected upon myself for not having avoided him on this occasion. I confess it was a malicious act of mine to place myself, as I did, in his way. He, as well as others, had warned me not to do it. He had threatened my life—but I was too proud to own any fear of him, and to show my defiance of his threats, as well as to vex and annoy him, I crossed his path many a time without any just cause. Had I but anticipated the sad results of my rashness with half the clearness that I now suffer their burthen, I would have fled from his presence like a coward. The name of coward is disgraceful, but tolerable to that of a murderer. I am no coward, but I would rather be called one than be called what I am, and feel, as I do, that the application is just.

I was in the timber procuring a load of fuel from land to which Luke pretended to have some title, though it truly belonged to his wife's children by a former husband. This, however, mattered nothing in the premises. I was on forbidden ground and taking forbidden property, more for the purpose, I confess, of exasperating my mortal enemy than for any other, for I could have easily procured it somewhere else.

While there, Luke came up and fell to cursing me with a fiendish bitterness. Of course I retaliated in no very mild terms. He struck me with a club large enough to have seriously injured me had the blow fallen where it was aimed; but it glanced upon my arm, causing only a slight bruise. Fired as I now was, to a blind disregard of all consequences, I wielded the heavy axe I was holding, and brought its keen edge with a crash through the skull of my poor brother-in-law.

I cannot describe the feelings that first possessed me in view of the bloody finale of my folly and rashness. Luke was rolling upon the earth in the agony of death, the purple current of life issuing from the ghastly wound in a rivulet. It was but a moment that I viewed the spectacle. Mounting the wagon I drove home, at what speed I have no knowledge, for I was desperate.

I afterwards learned that Luke lived about two hours, spoke once—but not of me; and, finally, expired more as though from mere loss of blood than from any vital hurt.

I have felt some disposition to censure those who were witnesses to the tragedy, and I believe I am just in doing so. During the quarrel some three or four persons came up and stood about us. They were men well aware of our enmity, and could have easily prevented our tragic meeting had they been so disposed. Instead of doing so, they quietly observed us as an audience would a stage tragedy, without uttering a word to prevent the impending conflict, when they must have seen by our language and attitude that bloody violence was imminent. Is not such wicked neglect a crime next to the crime itself? Yet there is no law to punish the offender.

I shall not stop to say how fearfully the news fell upon the ears of my relatives. My father was then upon his death-bed. Some care was taken to prevent his knowledge of it, lest the shock would destroy all hope of his recovery. But my mother's unusually sad face, and the tears of my sisters, could not be hidden from his notice. He was eager to know the cause, and painfully restive till it was imparted. But the truth was so cautiously dealt to him that it did not seem to have any immediately disastrous effect upon his health, and all hoped he would survive the shock. But soon after a full knowledge of the case was given him he began a rapid decline. Oh the sad, sad train of effects that follows one rash cause! This was a dreary, sorrowful period of my life! A period of solemn reflection and heart-breaking repentance!

Immediately upon reaching home I acquainted my mother with the story and asked her advice. I felt that I needed a mother's advice then; and she was a woman capable of giving it. She was inured to trouble, and possessed a mind capable of bearing almost any burthen—calm, thoughtful, consistent and strong—strong in hope.

"No, no, my son," she answered emphatically my proposal to run away. "Never think of it. It will only add disgrace to your guilt. Stand your trial like a man, with the plea that you acted in self-defence, and my strong hope is that by some means you will be acquitted. And how much better then than banishment, with the lasting disgrace of having fled in fear of punishment."

I could have escaped, for a time at least, for I was not arrested till several hours later. But I concluded to take my mother's advice, and, though humble as I felt and fearful of the result, resolved to put a bold face upon the transaction and brace myself firmly for the critical ordeal.

My trial before the Justice came off within the next day or so. The neighborhood was greatly excited, and many people assembled to witness my trial. Here I learned of a division of opinion respecting the character of my crime, and that these opinions had a sort of political foundation, or rather were actuated by a political prejudice. My victim was a Democrat, and I a Republican; so my political enemies regarded the deed as unmitigated murder, while my friends of the opposite party insisted that it was purely an act of self defence. Both were wrong; no thought of murder nor of self-defence occurred to me at the moment of the fatal blow. That blow was but the impulse of blind passion. Political prejudice should not be permitted to bias judgment in such cases, lest justice itself should be drawn from its legitimate course, the law and the evidence. But, in spite of its oath and its dignity, it does sometimes swerve.

Self-defence, however, was my only effectual plea, and my counsel plead it earnestly, and the verdict of the Justice was, manslaughter in the second degree. I was now admitted to bail for my appearance at the District Court, to convene within a few weeks. I experienced some difficulty in obtaining this security; but after considerable suspense, three substantial neighbors concluded to enter a liability of three thousand dollars for me, and release me from confinement, at a time when my services at home were indispensable. With gratitude for this act of kindness, dark as my prospects were of escaping a worse confinement, I firmly resolved, come what would, to abide by my bail. And I did.

Shortly after this my father died. His loss, though painful, was mitigated in severity by anticipation. It was much less severely felt than the shock that had hastened his departure. I have the destruction of two lives to repent of. Oh, that I may never again experience the sadness of that funeral day, and of the many days following. I did not weep. A burning grief had dried the fountain of my tears. The burthen of a restless loneliness oppressed me with such a force as caused my heart to ache and my mind to wander, as in a transient dream—to think, or wish to think, that all I saw and felt of this unhappy epoch was not real. But there was a tangibility connected with the scene that left me no escape. Here was my sister and her children twice bereaved. My poor mother, proof as she was against ordinary sorrows, now shedding tears of double affliction; my youthful sisters, whose tender hearts had never heretofore been pierced by grief, now crushed by such a weight of sorrow that they seemed dissolved to tears. Strange as it appeared, it was all real. I looked about me; I longed for some obscurity—some oblivion even—in which to hide myself from this reality. There was none in life and conscience, to say nothing of faith, that told me there was none in death.

But I had soon to rouse myself from this state of mind to meet a new difficulty. My father died wholly insolvent, and the little farm on which we lived was no longer ours, except by the leniency of creditors. Some of these were finally induced to forego the immediate prosecution of their claims for a season, and the doctor's bill and funeral expenses were soon after defrayed by the sale of such loose property as could be spared from the place. This relieved us till we could make such disposition of the land as might enable us to save a little after paying all debts. In due time, it was sold to a good neighbor, who kindly permitted us to occupy it for a season.

In the mean time, however, my trial at court came on. This was a crisis I had dreaded, as it admitted of but little uncertainty as to its result, and no hope of escape. So I looked upon the dark prospect, imprisonment for years in the State's prison, at hard labor, or the hardly less tolerable fate of the gallows. I secretly regretted I had not escaped when the opportunity to do so was fair. This day was to make an interesting epoch in my life's history. It was to be the last in which I could be termed in the least sense a freeman till I should have served a lavish term within the narrow confines of a prison.

It may seem strange that, in an affair involving the life or liberty of one comparatively obscure individual, party spirit should become so rampantly interested. But it was even so in this court of justice? The jury was packed, by and of what party you may know, when I tell you that their verdict was *murder, murder in the first degree!*

My heart sank within me. The last lingering hope expired. I sat with my face covered, not daring to look up or about me, expecting to hear the Judge's command to rise and hear my sentence of death. But what was my surprise and joy to hear him say instead, "Gentlemen of the Jury, this verdict is by no means in accordance with the evidence in the case; and my oath will not permit me to render judgment accordingly. You will, therefore, retire and reconsider it."

The jury did retire, and did reconsider; but, happily for me, they did not agree, and were finally dismissed. My counsel then had my trial deferred till another time, and moved to another county, on the very proper plea of injustice. How fortunate for me, that that jury was packed. When I thought I was doomed to death, I was saved both from that and from imprisonment. Thus, the greatest impending misfortunes often softly descend in unexpected blessings. I was permitted to return home, with a much lighter heart than I had left it. Indeed, but for the uncomfortable reflection that I was not yet acquitted, I might have been comparatively happy.

During the time that elapsed between this and my next trial, I was frequently urged to enlist, and gladly would have done so, but for the pledge I had given my bail, which was yet holding. But the men who had done me the kindness to secure my liberty by bailing me, learning of my desire to enlist, interested themselves to obtain my wish, and exempt themselves from the bond. It might have been that they were still suspicious of me; for suspicion of a man who is in imminent danger of the penitentiary is by no means illy founded, though his honesty may have been never so well tested. At large, he may, without any notice, take advantage of his liberty, and never more be heard of. It may have been, however, an honest sympathy on their part, to place me beyond the jurisdiction of the court, and secure my liberty in toto.

At last the time arrived for my trial at P——. Till the morning of that day, I was not aware of any scheme of my friends to exempt me from trial. I yet as fully as ever expected to be tried, found guilty, and sentenced; and was by no means in a happy mood at the prospect. But, on my way to the court house, I was called into the office of the District Attorney, and introduced to that gentleman.

"I am told you wish to enlist for the war," said he, surveying me with a look of apparent interest, not unmingled with a degree of curiosity; for, as I afterwards learned, report had given me a widely-spread fame, perhaps, dubiously creditable in some respects.

"Well, I do," I answered, in that homely, but good, earnest style.

"Very well; put your name to this paper."

It was soon down. You may be sure I did not show the hesitancy that I have observed in some poor fellows about to enter the dangerous lists. I didn't trouble myself much about leaving home, or stop to consider the possible chances of getting killed or crippled. Indeed, I just then thought it was my duty to serve my country, all other considerations notwithstanding.

"Now, sir, if you please," said the attorney, "just step this way," and he led me into an adjoining room. "Here," he added, "are all your necessary equipments for the present. Get them on quickly, and then let us up to court."

I can hardly tell you how proud, how free, how happy I felt in my complete uniform of blue, as I walked with my benefactor toward the hall of justice; nor how independently I faced the seat of judgment. I was *in* another element. I had a new calling, one that took me out of the civil code and placed me in another, that recognized manslaughter as a deed of virtue.

The court was somewhat surprised at this sudden innovation upon justice, but yielded, and my case was dismissed without further process.

Now, whether this was right or not, whether I escaped justice by honorable or underhanded means, I will not pretend to say. It was not to my mind a question of honor, but strictly one of expediency. But I hope, ere long, to render such service to my country as shall give me an honorable discharge from the disgrace of that unfortunate affair. *This is why I enlisted.*

After the battle of Corinth I saw John again, and he showed me his furlough—obtained as a mark of favor for bravery in battle—to visit his mother and sisters.

LEARN IN CHILDHOOD, if you can, that happiness is not outside, but inside. A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness, which no riches and no circumstances alone ever do.

WHERE real fortitude dwells, loyalty, bounty, friendship and fidelity may be found.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, May 27, 1863.

THE POLISH QUESTION IN EUROPE.

The complications from the Polish question grow more threatening to peace in that quarter of the globe. The signs are very much like those which preceded the Italian war. The remonstrance in which France, England and Austria united against the course the Czar is pursuing towards the Poles, has produced no satisfactory reply. Each addressed a separate note, that of England was the most decided in its tone. Earl Russell justifies an appeal to the generous feelings of the Czar on behalf of Poland by the general sympathy felt for that people. But he puts the matter also upon the basis of the duties of comity which one European nation owes to another. Russia has never fulfilled the obligations of the treaty at Vienna in 1815, which attached the kingdom of Poland to the Russian empire. Russia justified her non-fulfillment of these obligations by the subsequent revolt of Poland, the suppression of which, she argued, cancelled all previous obligations of that kind. Earl Russell, however, assures the Czar that her Majesty's Government cannot acquiesce in a doctrine which they deem so contrary to good faith, so destructive of the obligation of treaties, and so fatal to all the international ties which bind together the community of European States and Powers." He says whatever the result of the present insurrection, whether it assume greater proportions or be subdued by the Imperial arms, neither result can be reached without a calamitous effusion of blood, sacrifice of life and destruction of property, and that these disturbances in Poland "produce a serious agitation of opinion in other countries, tending to excite much anxiety in the minds of their Governments." He hopes, therefore, "that the Russian Government will so arrange these matters that peace may be restored to the Polish people, and may be established upon lasting foundations." This is all very friendly and all very diplomatically courteous, but Baron Brunow, in a conversation with Earl Russell, was assured that while her Majesty's Government had no intentions that were otherwise than pacific, "yet this state of things might change," the revolution might assume larger proportions, and if in such a state of affairs "the Emperor of Russia were to take no steps of a conciliatory nature, dangers and complications might arise not at present in contemplation." The French Emperor is just as decided for peace, and refers to "regretable complications" which may ensue unless Russia makes it with Poland. The French Emperor does not appear to care so much for the national rights of Poland as he is anxious to prevent the revolutionary spirit disturbing the peace of Europe. The peace of Europe is just as much threatened by a combination of the several powers against Russia, but revolution once started, there is no telling what dynasties it may overthrow. Poland, says Napoleon, "which occupies a central position on the continent, cannot be disturbed without the other States touching upon her frontier suffering a shock *which reverberates through the whole of Europe. That has always been the case whenever the Poles have taken up arms.* These conflicts, as what we are now witnessing sufficiently proves, do not only create anxiety in the public mind, but if they are prolonged, may disturb the relations between the Cabinets, and cause most lamentable complications. It is the common interest of all the powers to see that these incessantly recurring dangers are put a stop to." Austria is the only one of the three powers which intimates no threat. She is equally anxious to have the insurrection quelled, for fear that Gallicia will be involved in it, but being somewhat in the same position with her provinces as Russia is with Poland, Austria has to deal delicately with the subject of making concessions to a people in insurrection. It is impossible that Gallicia should not feel the pernicious influence of these troubles. Grave embarrassments are thus occasioned, and the Russian Government, it is suggested, "will acknowledge the expediency of taking into consideration the means calculated to put an end to them, by replacing the Polish provinces subject to Russia in the conditions of a durable peace." The Imperial Council, in the consideration of these notes, it is reported, agreed that although the steps taken by the Powers might not seem to exercise pressure, inasmuch as the demands were not specified, still they were so far worse, as they served as an encouragement to the revolution, and were more of an invitation to the Poles to continue the struggle than to lay down their arms. Russia could not grant what the Poles demanded, and less than that the Poles would not consent to. The last arrival from Europe brings the substance of the Czar's reply. His answer is pacific. "Russia declares her good intentions towards Poland, and expresses a desire to satisfy the Powers within the limits prescribed by her own safety and dignity." To Austria, Russia pleads the difficulty of dealing with the intrigues of the revolutionary party abroad. She is reminded that she shares the danger as a possessor of Polish territory. This is Austria's sore spot, and in any future complications which the Powers intimate may arise through Russia's stubbornness, Austria will evidently be the least earnest in the prosecution of measures against Russia. Prussia sympathises entirely with Russia.

THE REAL BASE OF OPERATIONS.

The most serious injury the rebel cause has yet suffered from the operations of our armies is that inflicted by Gens. Grant and Banks in Mississippi and Louisiana. By the successes achieved there, not only are the rebel strongholds on the Mississippi greatly endangered and the sources of supply for their Southwestern armies diminished, but the penetration of the heart of the rebel territory discloses its weakness. Col. Grierson rode eight hundred miles through the State of Mississippi, and, though rebel troops were scattered over the whole route, he rode successfully through, having repeated skirmishes, but destroying the rebel communications and means of transportation for their armies. He says: "No one can pass through that country without knowing that the Confederacy is broken up; it is a mere shell, with nothing in it. The negroes are not working, but flying from place to place. We met many with handcuffs on, and released them. Their crops of this year cannot be realized, and the whole slave system is utterly demoralized in the State of Mississippi." These are the personal observations of Col. Grierson, and they are confirmed in a great measure by the rebel journals. Nothing seems to have created greater alarm and despondency in the rebel mind, than the activity of our armies in the Southwest and the destruction which they threaten to States which have hitherto been exempt from the most serious evils of the war. So long as our armies stood upon the border-hammering upon the edges of rebellion they inflicted no very great injury upon it, at least none that was commensurate with the enormous forces engaged in this futile work. The rebel power, with its internal lines of communication intact, could meet our divided forces with its concentrated strength and defeat all our efforts to penetrate its external defences. But, by working upon the rebel flank, which possession of the Mississippi by our gunboats enables us to do, we have a point of penetration which is found easily accessible, and, with light-moving cavalry, can, at any time, overrun the country, and so interrupt communication that the rebel strength cannot be concentrated to meet our invading armies. Hence the success which has attended the movements in the Southwest. The forces of the rebels have to be more widely scattered to defend the various places now found endangered, and detached columns of our troops, sent upon important and necessary enterprises, are not exposed to the danger of being overwhelmed by the superior numbers the enemy have hitherto been able to bring against them. Grant's force is being largely strengthened, and he should receive all the troops which can be spared. If he succeed, the cause of the rebellion is destined to speedy ruin. This the leaders know, and this is what they now will endeavor to guard against. But by greatly strengthening Grant and pressing them severely at all other points at the same time, the necessary diffusion of their forces will leave some weak spot, through which the life of the rebellion may be surely reached.

THE COMING GRAIN CROPS.

The most favorable weather for the crops has been experienced the present season. The crops every where indicate vigorous growth and a plentiful yield. Throughout Pennsylvania and Maryland, wheat, oats and rye are growing finely. An abundant harvest is promised in Ohio. In New Jersey, the wheat and grain crops, in the middle counties, are said to look very promising. In Illinois, the growing wheat never looked finer. In Indiana, wheat has suffered during the winter less than usual. In Michigan, it is injured in some places, but there is a promising yield. In Iowa, it never was better. In Wisconsin, the appearance is a large crop of cereals; and in Kentucky, notwithstanding the war, the wheat crop is expected to be abundant. All this is very encouraging to the people. War, however disastrous in other respects, has not yet affected our ability to raise food in abundance; and starvation, the usual concomitant of long continued hostilities, is not one of the evils with which we are to be afflicted. We see in the Western papers that there is great complaint of want of farm hands, to cultivate the soil. This scarcity will be considerably relieved by the very large immigration from Europe which is now arriving, with the intention of going West to labor. This will afford the aid our farmers need, and in harvest time machinery, which has been more generally introduced the last year for cutting and gathering the crops, will give adequate relief for the scarcity of hands, and enable the farmers to gather their grain rapidly without much loss.

COLLECTION OF NATIONAL TAXES.

The assessors, a few days ago, announced through the newspapers, that the law for the collection of Internal Revenue was now in effect, and gave some general information, over their own signatures, of what returns were to be made to them by each individual taxpayer. This information is well as far as it goes, but the difficulty with it is that, it does not explain satisfactorily a great many questions which arise under the law, and which, until some clearer light is furnished, will cause a great deal of difficulty to individuals in making out proper returns for the Government. Under the Excise law which has been some time in operation, these difficulties are still greater, and much confusion has been created by the different opinions each collector has of the proper interpretation which is to be given to the law. Thus, in the matter of licenses, it is hard to find two of them agree as to the character of the license, the amount of the license fee, or whether one or two are to be taken out where the same business apparently partakes of a two-fold character. In enactments so complicated as these tax laws, which affect every relation and connection of business, it is not to be expected that the subordinate agents of the Government—the assessors, receivers and collectors—will be able to solve all the difficulties which arise, and which did not come even within the comprehension of those who enacted the laws. It will take time and the thorough consideration of the law officers of the Government or of the revenue department, to settle them upon a basis which will equalize the operation upon each individual payer, so that no one shall be charged more than his fair proportion of taxes, and his business not be overloaded with injurious impositions not intended by the law. But, in the meantime, the revenue department can assist the public in the work of making out proper returns of their business and property liable to taxation, by furnishing itself a single set of printed forms, embracing all the questions to which answers are to be returned, with such explanations as will enable each individual to more easily understand the duty that is expected of him, and with such decisions upon questions raised, as the Department has already decided. These forms should be prepared and printed at Washington, with the signature of the Commissioner of Revenue, and sent to every assessor, collector and receiver in the United States. No one of these subordinates should be permitted to prepare them himself and send them over his own name to the taxpayers. By having an uniform set of questions prepared and authorized by the Department, the public will be relieved at least of the different and conflicting duties demanded of them, under penalties, according to each subordinate's interpretation of the law. All will be subjected, equally and alike, to the operation of the law, and all will have the benefit of subsequent correction of any errors which may arise in its execution. The subject of excise, income, stamp tax and license is so new to the people of the United States, that there will be great misunderstanding and mistakes even where honest intentions exist; and as neglect of duty under the law, even if involuntary, is accompanied by penalty, the Department at Washington should simplify the matter, and make the duty as plain as possible to every taxpayer.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

The International Exhibition at Hamburg is to open in July, and it is desirable that the products of American industry shall be represented in a creditable manner. The President appointed Gov. Wright, of Indiana, to represent and look after the interests of this country at that exhibition, and though Congress made no appropriation for the transportation of the goods across the ocean, it is understood that sufficient money has been subscribed, to send all the contributions of our country over to Hamburg free of expense to the owners. Our inventors doubtless will find this a favorable field for the display of their ingenuity, especially the inventors of farming implements. Hand labor has been so cheap in Germany, that agricultural implements have not improved there to the extent they have in this country, though Germany is a great agricultural country. Indeed, in no part of Europe, except, probably, England in the last ten years, does machine labor supersede manual labor in the field, to the extent it does in this country. As to the London exhibition in 1850, the American farming implements attracted more attention than almost any other articles exhibited. A similar display at Hamburg, of the improvements we have made, would undoubtedly awaken there as much interest, for people are more struck by what they see than what they read about, and have an opportunity, by personal examination, to better judge of the value of what is commended to their notice. Our inventors can undoubtedly make such an exhibition as will prove a lucrative source of profit to themselves. American horses, cattle, poultry, and varieties of wheat, corn, and grains in which the people of that country take a great interest, would add greatly to the value of the exhibition in the American Department.

A GOOD ARRANGEMENT.

A Washington letter, speaking of the nine months and two years men who have been discharged on account of their term of service having expired, says that it is proposed to offer bounties of three hundred dollars to each one of these returned soldiers as an inducement to re-enlist, the commutation money of the conscripts paid for release from service to be the fund from which such recruits shall be paid. This would be a wise and economical arrangement. It costs the Government more than three hundred dollars to fit any raw recruit, like men conscripted, for a soldier, and then they are not as efficient as one who has passed the ordeal of battle and become accustomed to its din and danger. The army now in the field should be kept as long as possible in service, not by re-enlistment for two or three years, but for the war, however long it may last, and the inducement for men to make such sacrifices should be correspondingly large. The conscription should be to fill up the vacancies which occur in the regiments by the casualties of war. The drafted men under the new law are subjected to two years service, and cannot be kept under any circumstances over three years. But the two years men who are just returning to their homes are more valuable now as soldiers than they have been at any period of their service, and so it will be, hereafter with the new conscripts. A camp of instruction sufficiently large for an amount of troops continually in training, and kept up equal in number to those whose terms of service expire, will overcome a part of the difficulty of bringing raw troops into the field, but not so completely as having the old troops serve for the war, which could be done by offering such an inducement as would be a sufficient compensation in their estimation for any sacrifices they would make by re-enlisting.

COTTON.—It is stated in letters from General Banks' division that his operations in Louisiana and neighborhood are expected to release two hundred thousand bales of cotton from the rebel States. This is a large amount of cotton to be able to send into our markets, and the fact must have an important bearing upon the value of the Confederate bonds which sympathizing brokers in England are endeavoring to get rid of for the benefit of the Confederacy. These bonds are based upon cotton, which is pledged for their redemption as soon as it can find a market. The progress of our arms into Louisiana and Mississippi opens the cotton region to our troops, and the result is the cotton falls into hands which will make as good use of it for the interest of the world as the rebels, only the proceeds will not go into the rebel treasury. The only way it can now be kept from our troops will be to burn it. But whether destroyed by the rebels themselves or secured by our arms, the result is the same to the loan holders in Europe. Their only security is taken away, and the bonds will only be so much worthless paper.

STOCK JOBBING REPORTS.—It is reported that one of Gen. Hooker's staff has been superceded for attempting to send stock jobbing reports from Falmouth to New York. The name of the officer is mentioned, and we see by another statement that his position has been assumed by another General, but as there may be other reasons for the removal, it is not necessary to give his name. The public would like to know what influence it was which lately sent over the whole country what purported to be intelligence of the capture of Richmond and the recrossing of the Rappahannock by Hooker's army. The New York newspapers attribute this report to sensation newspapers in Philadelphia, but these false statements had some other origin than the attempt to create a sensation. They were more of the character of a stock-jobbing operation, and a knowledge of who the stock-jobbers were, would tend very much to guard the public from similar impositions.

THE DRAFT IN NEW YORK.—The State authorities of New York have claimed that the State has furnished its full quota of troops under the President's recent call, while the United States authorities maintained that, from the best evidence in their possession the quota of New York is deficient over twenty thousand men. This dispute is now said to be settled, by crediting New York with all the troops she claims to have furnished, and, of consequence, the call for the balance of unfilled quotas will not apply to that State. The simple fact that a dispute of this kind could arise, shows that the military drafts and recruiting have been conducted very loosely.

STEAM ON CANALS.—The experiments with steam navigation on the Erie Canal are said to have proved unsatisfactory. One firm have taken the engines out of their boats and are having the vessels converted into horse towing boats, and the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad Company have withdrawn their eight propellers and sold them to the owners of the Delaware and Raritan Canal.

THE ARMOR OF SHIPS.

The practical experiments we have had in testing the resistance of iron armor to heavy projectiles have not been lost to the Government. They have already ordered important changes in the vessels which are being built, as well as in the armament which they are to carry. The eleven inch turret of the Roanoke is to receive three inches more of iron on the outside, with a space between it and the original turret for filling with some fibrous substance. Some of the vessels with four and a half inches armature fastened to the hull, are receiving twelve inches of oak outside, with a lining on the outboard side of one inch of iron. Nine inches of the wood will be laid with the grain at right angles to the ship's length, and three inches will be planking. No through bolts will be used in fastening this wooden facing. The improvements which are being made will add very largely to the resisting power of these vessels. In England, we see by the scientific publications of that country, the question of the best armature for ships is diligently discussed, and experiments are developing new and important information. Recently at Shoeburyness, Mr. Chalmer's mode of armoring a ship was experimented upon with very satisfactory results. The armor is described as consisting of three iron plates, joined edge to edge, of the thickness of three and three-quarter inches, and backed by a kind of cellular structure of alternate blocks of timber in a series of plate iron cells fashioned something like pigeon holes in a desk. Behind this cellular backing is a second iron plate one and one quarter inch in thickness, resting against a cushion of four inch timber planking, and this against the skin of the ship. The whole structure was bound together by thirty-three strong iron bolts, flush in front, and braced up from the inside by nuts and screws; a washer of India rubber half an inch thick being on each bolt. By these arrangements it is said Mr. Chalmers conceived he had obviated the evils which result from a backing composed of wood only—such as buckling; and that he had reduced to a minimum the injurious effects of vibration, such as the fracture of the armor plates, and the destruction of the fastenings and the frame of the ship. In the discussions upon this subject it is recommended that iron of different special qualities for different special uses be employed. Outside the plate iron, to resist compression, should be fibrous soft wrought iron; in the interior of the plate the densest, most impenetrable material, such as soft steel; and at the back of the plate, iron that by its rope like tenacity of fibre will sustain the other portions of the plate at their work. Extensive trials on plates formed of such a combination of materials will shortly take place at Portsmouth.

CIVIL WAR IN THE NORTH.

Some of our journals are taking considerable pains by their own violent utterings to impress the public mind with the idea that society at the North is underlaid with the fires of revolution and disorder, and that it only needs some extreme measure in the government, or some daring mind, to seize the occasion to produce an outburst which will involve us all in civil war among ourselves. These are the vagaries of heated imaginations in men who suppose every man is like themselves a seething Stromboli of wrath, holding in his fury till it bursts with overwhelmig rage and destruction. Society is imperilled by no such hidden dangers. The public mind is concerned about the war, as it naturally must be, but it has a confident assurance that the strength and power of the nation will be able to overthrow the enemies of our institutions and repel the wicked assault they have made upon republican government. The mind of nearly every man at present is directed to this great work and how it shall best be effected. They feel that when they have saved the nation from dissolution they have the strength and the will to replace Constitutional Government on a foundation as durable as ever. While these thoughts occupy the public mind so generally, there is not much danger that the sensible portion of the people will allow their attention to be diverted by side issues, which may provoke fierce discussion for the time being, but as they present no such real danger to freedom as the success of rebellion must be absorbed in the one great feeling of carrying through successfully this war waged against our institutions. Those who seek to divert them from this task by attempting to sow the seeds of civil disorder at home, are only wasting energies which, if properly directed, would sooner put an end to the war and restore the rule of civil law and Constitutional liberty.

GEN. DODGE'S RAID,

Was simultaneous with that of Col. Grierson, accomplished results nearly as important. As he returned to Corinth, he swept the country of provisions and forage, live stock and negroes. It is estimated that he burned one and a half millions of bushels of corn, much of which was shelled for transportation to the army; captured and destroyed five hundred thousand pounds of bacon; captured one thousand head of horses and mules, and an equal number of cattle, hogs and sheep, besides supplying the whole command with meat for three weeks. He also burned every flatboat from Savannah to Decatur, on the Tennessee; destroyed the railroad and telegraph between Tuscumbia and Decatur, burned five tan-yards, six flouring mills, and, finally, afforded the means of escape for fifteen hundred blacks. These are the direct results, but the alarm created in the rebel States and the necessity of keeping troops at home to protect the country from these damaging excursions, will have a still more important influence upon the war. Our generals have just learned the value of their cavalry and the use which may be made of that branch of the army. The lesson was probably picked up from the rebel raids, but it has been greatly improved upon, and will hereafter be of much valuable service.

GRANT OFFICIALLY HEARD FROM.

General Grant announces that he captured Jackson on the 14th, after a fight of three hours, with Gen. Joe Johnston in command, and that the latter retreated towards Vicksburg. This force must have been the troops which are known to have been detached from the army in front of Rosecrans, and which was on its way to strengthen Pemberton at Vicksburg. Grant's army has now beaten two of the divisions sent to reinforce Pemberton, one of which was stated to be from Savannah. The "trap" for Grant, which the Southern journals have been felicitating themselves he would fall into, by getting between two fires is not likely to close upon him after such results as above stated. Grant is not, however, altogether secure, unless he has an army at least equal in numbers to the rebels. A large force is before him yet at Vicksburg. His right flank seems well protected by the Pearl river, and, if he destroys the railroad bridge over that stream, his rear will also be secure when he advances westward towards Vicksburg.

HOW THE PROCLAMATION WAS ANSWERED.—Gov. Pettus, of Mississippi, in a flaming proclamation, dated Jackson, 5th instant, calls upon all the able-bodied citizens of Mississippi to arm, with any weapon, to repel the invaders of the State; the call being based upon Grierson's raid. Just nine days afterwards, Grant's army had taken Jackson, and, report says, burned the capitol from which the proclamation issued. As Mississippi has hitherto shown no disposition to avoid meeting the Union troops, the impression is strong that there are not many able-bodied males left at home to answer such calls; just as Col. Grierson said was the result of his observation, in the extended but hasty tour which he made through Mississippi.

GETTING NEWS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—An ecclesiastical trial occurred lately at Peoria, Ill., and, to prevent its publication, all the persons were previously sworn not to divulge the proceedings. The trial was held in a building in which a fire company meet in one of the rooms. Two reporters for the press took a suction hose, fastened it to the end of the stove-pipe, inserted it in the chimney, and by that means conveyed the sound into the room below, where they took notes, which next morning appeared in the newspapers generally, to the surprise of the court. The means adopted were more ingenious than the effort to secure such information was justifiable.

MORE TOLERATION AND COURTESY.—The National Intelligencer of Saturday contained some very just remarks, condemning the extreme bitterness of party spirit which now prevails, and especially the use of abusive epithets, instead of temperate and sound argument. No cause, however good, can, by such means, gain favor with discerning men. And as all political parties in our country are just now obnoxious to the above criticism, they would mutually rise in public estimation by showing more tolerance of opinion in their adversaries, and more courtesy in the expression of their own.

"BREAD AND BACON" FOR THE REBELS.—The Washington Star says that reliable information has reached Washington that a ship left Liverpool on the 25th ultimo, with bread and bacon for the rebel army. This hardly agrees with the late reports that the South is well supplied with provisions, and that flour is greatly declining in price. The cargo is more likely to consist of such military stores as the rebels need, and which the shippers in England designed to conceal under the style of "bread and bacon."

ONE EVIDENCE of the prosperity of the country, in spite of the war, is, that the amount of the pork, bacon and lard exported this year is sixty-four and a half millions of pounds greater than the exports of the year before. The total amount of the above articles exported was two hundred and sixty-two millions of pounds.

IT IS PROPOSED to light Bombay with gas made from the bones of dead Hindoos. It is calculated that each body will yield two hundred cubic feet of gas.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.

VICKSBURG INVESTED ON ALL SIDES!

Capture of the Rifle Pits North of the City.

HAINES' BLUFF IN OUR POSSESSION.

Our Right Resting on the Mississippi.

FIVE THOUSAND PRISONERS.

FIFTY-SEVEN GUNS CAPTURED.

CONFIRMATION FROM REBEL SOURCES.

The latest news from Gen. Grant is of a character very gratifying to Unionists. The celerity with which he had moved from place to place, and gaining advantages at each step, gave promise of eventual success in his enterprise. The last intelligence from him confirms this promise and seems to settle the fate of Vicksburg. Grant has shown the skill both to plan and to execute. From the time that he abandoned engineering upon the banks and bayous of the Mississippi, and taken the open field against the rebels, he has accomplished quick and most important work. His last campaign has endured but for twenty days, but in that time he has fought seven battles, diminished the army of the rebels 9000 men in killed, wounded and prisoners, taken 68 field-pieces, and is now investing Vicksburg, having succeeded in capturing the rifle-pits on the north side of the city, the batteries at Haines' Bluff being abandoned by the rebels, which he now holds, with his right resting again on the Mississippi. The news is down to Wednesday last, the 20th instant, at which time, it is said, the cannonading before Vicksburg was still in progress with a prospect of capturing the whole of Pemberton's army. The movements of Grant were very rapid after his encounter with and defeat of Johnston, on the 14th, and the capture of Jackson city. He moved forward at once towards Vicksburg, on the 16th fought the bloody battle of Baker's Creek, in which he defeated Pemberton, who lost 4000 men, 30 pieces of artillery, 2000 prisoners, and was compelled to fall back to Big Black bridge. Grant pushed after him, and next day, the 17th, attacked him, beat him again, with a loss to the rebels of 2600 men killed and wounded, 3000 prisoners and 17 pieces of artillery. On the 18th he invested Vicksburg and carried the rifle-pits north and Haines' Bluff. On the 20th the cannonading at Vicksburg ceased, and the result, one way or the other, must have been decided.

The rebel account by way of Richmond confirms this intelligence, with the fact that Grant is closing in upon every side of Vicksburg. Their loss is admitted to be heavy. We have not purchased these advantages without considerable loss on our side. The Union loss at Baker's Creek was 2500. Sherman's corps lost 500 at the Big Black. The other divisions did not lose so heavily. One brigade of our troops took more rebel prisoners than there were men in the brigade. Pemberton is said to have 20,000 men in Vicksburg, but with the Northern batteries in possession of Grant, the work of reducing the city speedily by bombardment, seems certain. With the railroads destroyed South, reinforcements cannot easily reach Pemberton, and surrounded as Vicksburg now is, such reinforcements would be in danger of being cut off in detail by the investing army. The capture of the city will be the severest blow of the war to the rebels. They have been at work at it nearly two years, had rendered it, they considered, impregnable, and boasted that the force Grant could bring, would not be able to take it. The importance of the position warranted all the labor and the engineering skill the rebels have expended upon its defence. When Vicksburg falls, the Mississippi will be entirely re-opened to navigation, for Port Hudson cannot hold out with one-quarter of the stubborness of Vicksburg, to which, indeed, it is only a kind of outward bulwark, to keep off the New Orleans fleet of gunboats. With the Mississippi again in our hands, the rebel Confederacy is cut entirely in two. Texas, Louisiana, and Arkansas, will be detached in such a way that but little assistance can be rendered thereafter by them to the Confederacy. But, besides this, the States east of the Mississippi may be approached from a direction which flanks all the operations of their army in Tennessee, and would necessarily occasion a retreat to a position more central in the rebel States. Already we hear a detachment of our cavalry has reached Brandon, which is twenty miles east of Jackson, in Rankin county. From Jackson along the railroad lines, Mississippi can be penetrated in almost any direction, and a very small force of cavalry, continually active, can compel the rebels in that State to keep at home a large force for their own protection. This, in the present condition of their armies, can be but ill spared without dangerously weakening them at other points necessary to hold. The rebels know these facts well, but they cannot help themselves. They see their empire endangered, but they have put forth all their strength, and have nothing now to fall back upon for defence from this new danger. It only needs for Grant to do his work effectually by securing Vicksburg, to give us advantages, the possession of which diminishes the strength of the rebellion one-half at least. There were reports, yesterday, that Vicksburg had fallen, but these reports were not confirmed at a late hour last night. The telegraph news will give the latest intelligence on this point.

LATEST REPORTS FROM VICKSBURG.

WASHINGTON, May 23d.—The following despatch was received by the President to-day:

MEMPHIS, Tenn., May 23.

Col. Anson Stager, Washington, D. C.—Official information from below to Wednesday has been received. General Grant has captured Haines' Bluff and the entire works of Vicksburg, a large number of prisoners, and fifty-seven pieces of artillery. The battle is still raging, with every prospect of capturing the entire force in Vicksburg. We hold Jackson, Black River Bridge and Haines' Bluff. A report is being made up for Washington.

[Signed] W. G. FULLER,
Assistant Manager of the Telegraph.

WASHINGTON, May 23, 11 o'clock, P. M.—The following dispatch has just been received at the War Department:

MEMPHIS, TENN., May 23.—I forward the following, which has just been received from Colonel John H. Rawlins, A. A. G., dated in the rear of Vicksburg, on the 20th.

The army of the Tennessee landed at Brulinsburg on the 30th April. On the 1st of May they fought the battle of Fort Gibson, and defeated the rebels under Bowen, whose loss in killed, wounded and prisoners was at least 1,500, and loss in artillery five pieces.

On the 12th of May, at the battle of Raymond, the rebels were defeated with a loss of 800.

On the 14th, we defeated General Joseph E Johnston, and captured Jackson with a loss to the enemy of 400, besides immense stores and manufactures, and 17 pieces of artillery.

On the 16th, we fought the bloody and decisive battle of Baker's creek, in which the entire Vicksburg force, under Pemberton, was defeated with a loss of 29 pieces of artillery, and 4,000 men.

On the 17th, we defeated the same force at Big Black bridge, with a loss of 2,600 men and 17 pieces of artillery.

On the 18th, we invested Vicksburg closely.

To-day General Steele carried the rifle-pits on the North of the city. The right of the army rests on the Mississippi, above Vicksburg.

[Signed] JOHN A. RAWLINS.

I learn further that there are from 15,000 to 20,000 men in Vicksburg, and that Pemberton lost nearly all his field artillery, and that the cannonading at Vicksburg ceased about three o'clock P. M. of the 20th.

General Grant has probably captured nearly all of the enemy.

CAIRO, May 23.—The reports from General Grant's army are highly important, and they are believed to be reliable.

It seems that after accomplishing all that was desired at Jackson, General Grant marched towards the Black river bridge, burning all the bridges behind him, doubtless with the intention of preventing an attack in the rear.

At the Black river bridge a heavy battle was fought, and it is reported that we captured twenty-seven pieces and a large number of prisoners, and that the rebels are being driven back towards Vicksburg.

If the rebels do not escape up the Yazoo river, most of them must be captured.

Official Despatches.

THE BATTLES OF BAKER'S CREEK AND BIG BLACK—GRANT'S VICTORY—5000 PRISONERS AND 57 CANNON CAPTURED—THE RIFLE PITS CARRIED—THE TOWN INVESTED.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—The following special details of the battle of Black river have been received.

MEMPHIS, TENN., May 23, 11.30 A. M. 1863.

To the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

The following despatch has been received at these head-quarters, and is forwarded as requested. S. A. HURLBUT, Major Gen.,

Rear of Vicksburg, May 20th, 6 A. M.

To the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

General Grant has won a great and momentous victory over the rebels under Pemberton, on the Jackson and Vicksburg road, at Baker's creek, on the 16th instant.

Pemberton had a most formidable position on the crest of a wooded hill, over which the road passes longitudinally. He had about 25,000 men. The battle began at 11 o'clock A. M., and was gained a 4 P. M. Its brunt was borne by Hovey's division and McClernand's corps, and by Logan's and Crocker's, of McPherson's. General Hovey attacked the hill and held the greater part of it till two o'clock, P. M., when, having lost 1600 men, he was succeeded by Boomer's and Holmes' brigades, of Gen. Crocker's division, by which the conflict was ended in that part of the field. Boomer lost 500 men.

Logan operated on the right and cut off the enemy's direct retreat, so that he was compelled to escape by his right flank through the woods. Logan lost 400 killed and wounded. He took about 2000 prisoners.

On the 19th, advancing to the Big Black, we fought Pemberton again at the Bridge there and captured 2000 prisoners. He fought in rifle pits protected by a difficult abatis.

Lawless' brigade, of McClernand's corps, charged the rifle pits magnificently, and took more prisoners than their own numbers. Pemberton turned his bridge and returned to Vicksburg, with only *three* cannon out of *sixty* that he had taken out.

After building four bridges over the Big Black, Gen. Grant arrived before the town and now holds it closely invested. He had opened a line of supplies via Chickasaw Bayou, having cut the town off from Haines' Bluff, which is abandoned by the enemy, and which General Grant will occupy.

There was sharp fighting through the day yesterday. Steele won and holds the enemy's upper water batteries, and gets his water from the Mississippi.

Sherman's corps lost yesterday 500 killed and wounded.

McPherson, who holds the centre, lost little, as did McClernand, who holds the left.

The gunboats kept the enemy on the alert during the night, and probably the town will be carried to-day. There are from 15,000 to 20,000 men in it.

Another Account.

64 GUNS AND 9,400 PRISONERS CAPTURED.

NEW YORK, May 24.—The Herald's special Washington despatch says, that advices had been received by the President from Gen. Grant, detailing his proceedings to the 21st. He had fought two battles and captured 61 guns and 9,400 prisoners.

REBEL VIEW OF THE SITUATION.

The Richmond Enquirer of the 20th says, in relation to Vicksburg: "If some happy combination be not made between the forces under Pemberton and Johnston, the heroic city must fall.

OUR CAVALRY AT BRANDON, MISSISSIPPI.

The Montgomery Advertiser of the 18th says, the enemy's cavalry were yesterday at Brandon, on the southern road, twenty odd miles this side of Jackson, near which point we had a force to protect the road.

Rebel Despatches from Pemberton to Lee.

NEW YORK, May 24.—The Times' army correspondence, dated yesterday, says that news was received from the enemy's lines that Pemberton was defeated, between Jackson and Vicksburg, with heavy loss in killed and wounded, and 3000 prisoners, as well as one division of his forces cut off, and retreating in a southerly direction.

Gen. Johnston attacked the Federal forces in Jackson, which retreated upon the main body. Pemberton also attacked Grant, but was whipped, and retreated upon Vicksburg. The above is said to be the contents of a dispatch from Gen. Pemberton to Gen. Lee.

Rebel Confirmation of the News.

FORTRESS MONROE, May 24.—The Richmond Dispatch, of the 23d, contains the following despatch:

"MOBILE, May 21.—In Saturday's fight, we lost thirty pieces of artillery, which were spiked and abandoned.

"On Sunday, the Federals advanced to take the Big Black bridge, but were repulsed.

"They crossed higher up and took us in the rear, when the bridge was burned and the work abandoned.

"The loss is heavy. Vicksburg is closely besieged, the enemy closing in on every side.

FURTHER REPORTS FROM VICKSBURG.

8000 PRISONERS AND 100 CANNON CAPTURED.

All the Outer Fortifications Taken.

CAIRO, May 24.—It is reported that General Sherman has taken Haines' and Chickasaw Bluff, with 8000 prisoners, 100 guns, ammunition and commissary stores. The prisoners were parolled and sent across the Yazoo.

Another report says that these points were evacuated, and that Gen. Sherman quietly took possession.

Gen. Grant attacked the upper batteries of Vicksburg, while the gunboats attacked the water batteries. On Tuesday, the upper batteries were captured and turned upon the water batteries.

The paroled prisoners brought across from Vicksburg, say that our forces have possession of the entire line of outer fortifications, and the rebel officers told their men that since the capture of Haines' Bluff, there was no chance of escape.

The rebel force is estimated at from 20,000 to 30,000. The wildest confusion existed among them, and the officers were unable to keep the line of battle.

The Empress was the last boat that came up, and her officers say that when she left on Wednesday evening the firing had ceased, and there was no doubt that the rebels had surrendered.

The Gen. Blair reached Chickasaw Bluffs on Tuesday, and was sent down for rations. The Union loss is reported as heavy.

Arrival of the North Star.

REPORTED DEFEAT OF THE FRENCH IN MEXICO

NEW YORK, May 24.—The North Star has arrived from Aspinwall with dates to the 16th. She has $260,000 in treasure. There is nothing new from Central America.

The steamer Constitution, from San Francisco, arrived at Panama on the 16th, bringing Puebla dates of April 30th, stating that the French had been driven from Puebla at the point of the bayonet, the French losing 6000 men. Also, that the French would probably retire to the seaboard, as the rainy season had set in. The roads to Vera Cruz were in bad condition, and were infested with guerrillas. The yellow fever was soon expected to break out.

E. J. Squier, U. S. Commissioner to Peru, had reached Panama.

Vallandigham Sympathisers.

CINCINNATI, May 23.—The following petition is circulating in Columbus and other parts of the State:

"The undersigned, citizens of Franklin county, respectfully represent that the most sacred rights of citizens are guaranteed by the Constitution of our fathers. It has been violated in the arbitrary arrest, illegal trial and inhuman imprisonment of Hon. C. L. Vallandigham. We therefore demand of the President of the United States his immediate and unconditional release."

William Robe, a citizen of Morgan county, Indiana, was shot while at work in a field on the 21st inst., by a Copperhead named Bailey. Robe was guilty of collecting evidence against the K. G. C's.

Vallandigham at Louisville.

CINCINNATI, May 24.—Vallandigham arrived at Louisville yesterday morning. The boat arrived too late for the Nashville train and anchored in the stream all day.

Wm. G. Crippen, for nineteen years connected with the Daily Times, and vividly known as "Invisible Green," died last night.

Conflagration at Jersey City.

NEW YORK, May 23, 10 o'clock, P. M.—A large fire is now raging in Jersey City. The whole heavens for miles around are brilliantly lighted up. A number of lumber yards are on fire. The amount of damage done has not yet been ascertained.

Another Prize Fight.

TOM HYER AND JOE COBURN—$10,000 ASIDE.

NEW YORK, May 24.—The Herald states that a match for a prize fight has been agreed upon between Tom Hyer and Joe Coburn, for $10,000 aside, to come off within six months. Also, that part of $1000 forfeit money is deposited, and the balance will be put up on Monday.

Reports from Arkansas.

CINCINNATI, May 23.—Various reports say that Price is certainly moving towards the Mississippi river, and has at last accounts crossed the Arkansas. Marmaduke is said to have joined him.

THE IMPREGNABILITY OF THE IRON-CLADS.—In the fight at Charleston it was stated that the iron-clad Passaic had her turret scooped out by a shot, which broke all the iron plates and nearly demolished the pilot-house. The Passaic has since arrived at New York, and the editor of the Scientific American says:

"We have examined the shot marks on the Passaic, said to be sixty-eight in all, though we did not count them, and find an accurate representation of the Whitworth shot impressed in the turret in many places. If these much-boasted projectiles are not able to do any greater damage than they did, we may safely defy all the English iron-clads and their armaments. The Whitworth shot or *fac-similes* of them, in a majority of cases, struck sideways; they reached the turret in all possible positions and show very poor shooting on the part of the rebels. There were several bolts driven in on the turret, which injured the persons within; but the majority of the indentations and scars could be covered by and filled with a common tea-saucer. These are, simply, the 'terrible' effects of the rebel shot. Now what person possessing ordinary judgment and at all conversant with the properties of iron, could conscientiously report that the monitors were unable to cope with artillery? For our own part, we assert that the favorable opinions hitherto expressed in regard to those vessels have been greatly strengthened, and we do not hesitate to say that, with the present artillery, they can successfully defy any fort or any iron-clad afloat; so far as the impregnability of their armor is involved, we would not hesitate an instant to confide our personal safety to the thickness of their walls."

As this was the one of the monitors the most injured, it is evident that the cannonading from the forts did not impair their efficiency.

THE BRANNAN DIVORCE CASE.—It was announced yesterday that the Supreme Court for the District of Columbia, had granted Genneral Brannan a divorce. The case is one of the most remarkable on record.

General (then Captain) Brannan, was married in the year 1850 to Miss Crane, and they lived happily together till 1858, when she deserted her husband, her child, and her mother, and went to Europe with a Mr. Powell T. Wyman, who has since died, and the unfortunate woman has returned to this country. One painful feature of this remarkable desertion was, that Captain Brannan, regarding his wife with confidence and affection, and supposing her to have committed suicide in a paroxysm of insanity, or to be wandering in a demented state, expended much time and money in raking the lakes, and advertising in the highways to ascertain her whereabout, and if possible to recover her, in which efforts he was actively sustained by his wife's mother and brother. It was nearly two years before the fact of her continued existence and infidelity came to light, during all which time her husband and other relatives were kept in a state of agonizing suspense as to her fate. Taken altogether the Judge pronounced it to be one of the most aggravated and cruel cases of the kind upon record. The Court, therefore, did not hesitate to grant a decree of divorce *a vinculo matrimonii.*

ILLNESS OF MR. GIDDINGS.—The Montreal Gazette states that the Hon. Jos R. Giddings, U. S. Consul for B. A., was suddenly taken ill on Wednesday morning, at his residence, St. Lawrence Hall. Dr. Sutherland and Dr Tur... of the Guards, were in immediate attendance to render all needful assistance. The attack was of the nature of apoplexy.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

GREAT INCREASE OF EMIGRATION.—The number of emigrants arriving here weekly, says the New York Journal of Commerce, from European ports, far surpasses all expectations. Every emigrant ship brings from 300 to 600 passengers. Castle Garden begins to wear the business air of better days. What becomes of the sturdy fellows who are thus pouring in upon us may readily be seen by reference to the record of the Garden. The small agriculturists and farm laborers are all bound for the West—that name of enchantment to the European ear—and the mechanics and artisans are settling down in the city or vicinity, or distributing themselves in manufacturing towns along the railways. A few—and but a few patiently—have come here with the intention of enlisting. The reports that American officers have been drumming up recruits in Ireland or Germany are quite as much news to the emigrants as to the American Government and people.

KINGLAKE, in his "History of the Invasion of the Crimea," in describing the march of the Allies toward the heights of the Alma, says the French and English suffered greatly from thirst. On approaching the Bulganak, as soon as a division came in sight of the water, the men broke from their ranks, and "ran forward that they might plunge their lips deep in the cool, turbid, grateful stream." We have copied the above statement of a very natural incident, under the circumstances, to show that discipline is not always preserved in the best European armies. The sneers of some writers upon American troops will apply with equal force to their own.

THE NEW ENGLAND Cotton factories are greatly contracting their usual amount of work and production. In Manchester, the Amoskeag Company are now using about thirty bales of cotton per week; when in full operation they use about four hundred bales. The Stark mills use thirty bales; their maximum is three hundred bales. The cotton mill at Mittineaque is running half its machinery full time.

ONE of the commercial results of the war is the impulse given to the wool trade. The imports of wool into New York from December 29th, 1862, to March 29th, 1863, were 25,738 bales, or 10,247,741 pounds; for the month ending April 27th, 1863, the imports were 12,075 bales or 5,492,833 pounds. The total imports from January 1st to April 27th were consequently 37,813 bales, or 15,740,574 pounds.

CROPS IN ILLINOIS.—Letters from Southern Illinois relate that the people there are raising this year considerable crops of cotton, tobacco and sugar. Over one hundred tons of cotton seed were delivered at various points in Southern Illinois, by the Illinois Central Railroad Company, during the past spring and winter, and all this was purchased or distributed to be planted this season.

A CITIZEN OF RICHMOND NOT AN ALIEN ENEMY.—Judge Bosworth, of the New York Superior Court, has decided that the plaintiff in an action, who had taken up his residence in Richmond, was not an alien enemy, as the Government does not recognize the idea that Virginia is not one of the United States, and a citizen of that State cannot be thrown out of court as an alien.

THE CROPS.—Encouraging news comes from all parts of country in relation to the growing crops. Wheat is represented never to have given thus early in the season so fair a promise, and the ground is in excellent condition for the reception of the seed for other descriptions of grain. The prospect for an abundance of fruit is also good.

MESSRS. JAY COOKE & CO., Bankers, are about to build a commodious banking house in Washington, on a lot of ground adjoining the Bank of Metropolis, for which they have paid $13,000. The building is to be used for the transaction of the war business, and also to accommodate the First National bank to be established in Washington, under the recent act of Congress.

THE editor of the Great Barrington Courier has tried the new steel collars about which so much has been said lately, and which are washed by the wipe of a sponge, but doesn't appear to like them. He says "we fall back to paper with a sigh of regret that the combination of a collar and razor in one does not add to the enjoyments of life."

WM. B. ASTOR and John Robbins are the two heaviest tax payers in New York. The first pays a tax on one million and a half dollar's worth of property, and the other on one million Mr. Robbins owns no real estate. He once owned a piece of ground in the Bowery for one day.

NEARLY forty thousand persons have been burned alive or scalded to death in England during the last fourteen years. Here are the figures, taken from the last official report of the Registrar General: The exact number was 39,927, or an average of eight a day from 1848 to 1861.

AT the suggestion of Mustapha Pasha, a number of skilled laborers, accustomed to the cultivation of cotton, have been sent from Egypt to the different provinces of the Turkish empire to instruct the natives in the most approved system of culture.

MODIFIED.—Gen. Burnside has modified order No. 38, and has concluded to allow all persons of known loyalty, notwithstanding their close relationship to rebels in arms against the country, to remain unmolested on this side of the lines.

GEN. ROSECRANS has leased 200 acres of garden land near Nashville, and has sent to Cincinnati to Quartermasters to purchase vegetable plants and seeds. He designs raising vegetables for his army to last through the present summer and fall.

A DEED was lately received at the Register's Office, in Houlton, Me., conveying tracts of wild land. The consideration of the deed was $200,000, and required a border of war revenue stamps to the value of $380.

THE TROY TIMES says that an ex-Member of Congress in that vicinity has just sold to the paper manufacturers over a ton of documents to be reconverted into paper. They brought to the ex member $120.

SETH LUTHER, so well remembered as one of the most prominent men in the ten-hour and free-suffrage movements, which agitated Rhode Island in years long past, died at the insane hospital in Brattleboro', Va., on the 29th ult.

GEN. THOS. FRANCIS MEAGHER has sent in his resignation. His reason therefor is that his brigade has been reduced to less than a regiment, and his application for leave to come home to recruit was denied.

HOMEWARD BOUND.—The 133d and 134th Regiments (nine months) Pennsylvania Volunteers, numbering in all 1225 men, are now on their way home to be mustered out, their term of service having expired.

A BOY lost his life on Coney Island last week, in a singular manner. He was digging clams, when his hoe struck a projectile that lodged there during some experiments some time ago, and it exploded, causing fatal injuries.

A MARRIAGE is noticed in the Duxbury Times, in which the happy pair are unusually explicit in stating their position. They say: "No cards, no receptions, no wedding tour."

THERE ARE, it is said, sixty thousand deserters who have not yet heeded the President's proclamation, inviting them to return to their duty.

THE celebrated horse Ethan Allen has been purchased by Frank Baker, of San Francisco, for $16,000.

ROSIN has been produced in California from trees found in Butte county, in that State.

IT IS STATED that Fanny Kemble has given Mr. Fetcher all her father's stage jewelry.

CITY MATTERS.

PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY

The Assembly met again, on Friday last, and after some reference to the historical associations connected with the church, in which the Assembly is meeting, the regular business was proceeded with.

On motion of Dr. Spear, it was ordered that a committee of nine be appointed to draft a suitable minute expressing the feelings of this body on the present state of our country.

Next followed a discussion in regard to the next place of meeting. Philadelphia, Western New York, Dayton (Ohio), Milwaukee, Newark, St Louis, Rochester were mentioned, and the consideration of the subject resulted in the selection of Dayton, Ohio

The synodical reports were received, and referred to the committees to examine them.

The Standing Committees were announced.

Dr. Cox read a communication from Geo. H. Boker, Esq., Secretary of the Union League, stating that the names of the members of this assembly had been placed upon the rolls of the League as visiters, and extending an invitation to the members to visit the League House.

Dr. Brainerd presented an invitation to visit the volunteer refreshment saloon. Both invitations were accepted, after which some discussion ensued in regard to the propriety of the Assembly visiting the Union League as an ecclesiastical body, but it was finally determined in the affirmative, and 5 o'clock in the afternoon fixed for the visit.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

A train of cars arrived on Saturday night, conveying a number of sick and wounded soldiers on their way to New York. At the foot of Washington avenue, the track and steamboat slip are so arranged that the cars can be run upon the boat, and thus the trouble of removing the sick and wounded is avoided. The train on Saturday night had the locomotive detached from it, as usual, when some distance above Swanson street, and the cars were allowed to go down the grade, the calculation being that they had just sufficient momentum to reach their position on the boat. Unfortunately the momentum was too great, and one of the cars went over the stern of the boat, into the water, but not all the way, however, as the other cars held it back. Some of the soldiers were wet, and the surgeon in charge, belonging to New York, was slightly injured. The accident might have been attended with serious consequences, and in future a different course should be pursued in placing the cars on the boat. A detention of two or three hours resulted from the disaster, and in the meantime an opportunity was afforded the committee of the Union Volunteer Refreshment Saloon to attend to the wants of the sufferers.

CELEBRATION AT GIRARD COLLEGE.

The anniversary of the birth of Mr. Girard was celebrated on Thursday last, at the college. Notwithstanding that many hundreds of the graduates are now in the Army or Navy, scattered over the large field of war, still a considerable number assembled to bear tribute to the memory of their benefactor. The interesting exercises in the Chapel consisted mainly of an address by President Arey and an oration by Mr. Jos. C. Turner, formerly a tutor in the College. The exercises were interspersed with songs by the pupils. The graduates remained to dine with the officers, and spent the rest of the day within the precincts of the College.

By a curious coincidence, while these lads were thus meeting to celebrate the foundation of this noble institution, the Supreme Court, at Harrisburg, were engaged in listening to an argument on the part of the heirs, to show that their relative had no right to appropriate his wealth as he pleased, and that the College and its means of support belonged to them, and not to the widow and the orphan.

THE INCOME T[AX]

The following circular has ... Assessors having in charge the ... Income Tax for 1862:

The Income Tax is imposed u... proportion of the income of these ... viz:

1st. Every person residing in the ... States, and every citizen residing abroad ... in the employment of the Government of the United States.

2d. Every citizen of the United States residing abroad, and not in the employment of the Government of the United States.

Every person in the *first* class will be taxed at the rate of *three* per cent. when his or her annual gains, profits, or income exceed $600, and do not exceed $10,000.

Every person in the *first* class will be taxed at the rate of *five* per cent. when the annual gains, profits, or income exceed $10,000, after the following deductions are made from the gross amounts returned (as per table, below), viz:

1st. The $600 allowed by law.

2d. Other National, State, and local taxes assessed for 1862, and paid.

3d. Rent actually paid for the dwelling house or estate occupied as the residence of the person assessed.

4th. Necessary repairs to property yielding the income, or insurance thereon, or pay for hired laborers, and their subsistence, employed in conducting his business; or interest on incumbrances upon the property; or all, as the case may be.

Every person in the *second* class will be taxed at the rate of *five* per cent, whatever may be his or her annual gains, profits, or income from property, securities, and stocks owned in the United States, without other deductions than numbers 2 and 4 above stated.

Whenever the taxable income of a resident in the United States, ascertained as above, exceeds $10,000, and upon a portion of said amount three per cent has been withheld by the officers of companies, corporations, and associations, from interest or dividends therein due him, such income will be subject to a tax of *two* per cent. additional upon so much thereof as may have been previously subjected to a duty of three per cent. by the officers of the companies, corporations, or associations aforesaid.

But in no case, whether a person is subject to a tax of three or five per cent., is a higher rate of tax than 1½ per cent. to be collected from that portion of income derived from interest upon notes, bonds, or other securities of the United States

Where a husband and wife live together, and their taxable income is in excess of $600, they will be entitled to but one deduction of $600, that being the average fixed by law as an estimated commutation for the expense of maintaining a family. Where they live apart, by divorce or under contract of separation, they will be taxed separately, and be each entitled to a deduction of $600.

Below will be found detailed statements to assist in making out returns.

GROSS AMOUNTS MUST BE STATED.

1. Income of a resident in the United States from profits on any trade, business, or vocation, or any interest therein, wherever carried on.
2. From rents, or the use of real estate 1st.
3. From interest on notes, bonds, mortgages, or other personal securities, not those of the United States.
4. From interest on notes, bonds, or other securities of the United States.
5. From interest or dividends on any bonds or other evidences of indebtedness of any railroad company or corporation.
6. From interest or dividends on stock, capital, or deposits in any bank, trust company, or savings institution, insurance or railroad company, or corporation.
7. From interest on bonds or dividends on stock, shares or property in gas, bridge, canal, turnpike, express, telegraph, steamboat, ferry-boat, or manufacturing company or corporation, or from the business usually done thereby.
8. From property, securities, or stocks owned in the United States by a citizen thereof residing abroad, not in the employment of the Government of the United States.
9. From salary other than as an officer or employee of the United States.
10. From salary as an officer or employee of the United States.
11. From farms or plantations, including all products and profits.
12. From advertisements.
13. The guardian, trustee, executor, or administrator of the property or estate of ——.
14. From all sources not herein enumerated.

DEDUCTIONS AUTHORIZED TO BE MADE.

1. Expenses necessarily incurred and paid carrying on any trade business or vocation, such as rent of store, clerk hire, insurance, fuel, freight, &c.
2. Exempt by law (except in the case of a citizen of the United States residing abroad).
3. Amount actually paid for rent of the dwelling-house or estate occupied as a residence.
4. Other National, State and local taxes assessed and paid for the year 1862, and not elsewhere included.
5. Amount actually paid by a property owner for necessary repairs, insurance and interest on incumbrances upon his property.
6. Income from interest on bonds, or other evidences of indebtedness of any railroad company or corporation, from which 3 per cent. thereon was withheld by the officers thereof, between September 1st and December 31st, inclusive.
7. Income from interest or dividends on stock, capital or deposits in any bank, trust company or savings institution, insurance or railroad company, from which 3 per cent. thereon was withheld by the officers thereof, between September 1st and December 31st, 1862, inclusive.
8. Amount paid by a farmer or planter for—
(a) Hired labor, including the subsistence of the laborers.
(b) For necessary repairs upon his farm or plantation.
(c) For insurance, and interest on incumbrances upon his farm or plantation.
9. Salaries of officers, or payments to persons in the civil, military, naval, or other service of the United States, in excess of $600.
10. Income from advertisements, on which 3 per cent. was paid, from September 1st to December 31st, 1862, inclusive.

FORM OF CERTIFICATE.

I hereby certify, that the following is a true and faithful statement of the gains, profits or income of —— of the —— of —— in the county of ——, and State of ——, whether derived from any kind of property, rents, interest, dividends, salary, or from any profession, trade, employment or vocation, or from any other source whatever, from the 1st day of January to the 31st day of December, 1862, both days inclusive, and subject to an income tax under the excise laws of the United States:

	Rate.
Income from all sources whatever, subject to	3 per cent.
Do., if exceeding $10,000, subject to	5 per cent.
Income derived from interest upon notes, bonds, or other securities of the United States, subject to	1½ per cent.
Income from property in the United States owned by a citizen thereof residing abroad, subject to	5 per cent.
Income exceeding $10,000, upon a portion of which a tax of 3 per cent. has already been paid, subject to	2 per cent.

(Signed)

Dated at ——, this — day of ——, 1863.

Sworn and subscribed before me, this — day of ——, 1863. ——, Assist. Assessor.

FIRES.

Early on Tuesday morning last, the grocery store of McManus & Croft, No. 429 North Second street, was discovered to be on fire. The flames spread to adjoining property and did much damage. The stock and fixtures of McManus & Croft were entirely destroyed, involving a loss of about $2,000, which is covered by insurance in the Royal. The building, owned by Evan Prowhattan, was much burned. The flames extended to a frame shop and dwelling on the south, No. 429, owned by H. Grier, and occupied by Amos Watson, dealer in flour and feed, on the first floor, and by Israel Wolf in the upper portion. But little of the contents of this place was saved. The family of Mr. Wolf were aroused from their sleep and made their escape in their night clothes. Their clothes, furniture, jewelry, watches and stock of caps, manufactured by Mr. Wolf, were all burned. There was an insurance of $500 on the effects, which will not half cover the loss. After the fire the remains of the bureau in which the jewelry and watches were kept were found, but not the valuables. They had been abstracted. Mr. Watson's loss is estimated at $1000, which is covered by insurance in the Girard. The building No. 431, on the north of the grocery store, occupied by J. W. Dunn as a lager beer saloon and dwelling, was badly burned in the upper part of it. Mr. Dunn had an insurance of $1000 on his stock and fixtures. The places of business of several in the neighborhood were flooded with water and their stock damaged. It is not known how the fire originated.

On Thursday evening, a fire broke out in Bullock & Smith's composition roofing and benzine factory, Twenty-third and Master streets. The factory and part of the contents were destroyed, involving a loss of several thousand dollars There was no insurance upon the factory or contents.

On Saturday morning last, a carpenter shop in Randolph street above George, occupied by Mr. T. C. Moore, took fire and was destroyed, together with its contents. The fire extended to a dwelling-house on the north, which was considerably damaged, and the furniture of the occupant also suffered. Several of the other neighboring houses were slightly damaged. The occupants of the dwellings which the fire reached were Charles Deitz, Jacob Mariner, and Mr. Hesselpoth.

On Saturday afternoon, a fire broke out in the foundry of Messrs. Swirden & Murphy, on Willow street above Thirteenth, which destroyed a new building four stories in height, and burnt all the flasks and potteries in use by the firm, involving a loss of about $9000, one-third of which is covered by insurance. The building was owned by Mr. John Murphy, father of one of the firm. His loss is covered by insurance. At the time the fire broke out the hands had just quit work and left the building.

An alarm of fire on Sunday afternoon was caused by the partial burning of the roof of two dwellings in Darien street, below Poplar.

DEATH FROM SUPPOSED VIOLENCE.

A woman, whose name could not be ascertained, was found dead, on Thursday, at No. 720 Spafford street From her appearance it was supposed that death had resulted from violence, and the Coroner ordered a post-mortem examination of the body; which was made. There was not anything developed by it, which tended to confirm the suspicion that her death was the result of violence, and the witnesses examined before the Coroner's jury could testify to nothing which showed that violence had been used. The deceased had only made her appearance in Spafford street the day before her death, and having money about her, it was believed that she had been drugged by some of the frequenters of that neighborhood, to get her money from her. She was supposed to be twenty-five years old. Her dress was of plaid, with black trimming. A verdict of death from causes unknown was rendered by the Coroner's jury.

KILLED ON A RAILROAD.

Alfred Miller, fifty-one years old, was run over on the Reading Railroad, on Tuesday night, last week, and instantly killed. Deceased resided in York street, below Holman.

RMY AND NAVY.

RON-CLAD FLEET.—From the reports on Monday last of the condition of the ...ds now in course of construction, we ...hat the following vessels will be afloat by ...t of August:

Name.	Tonnage.	Where building.
1. Canonicus,	1034	South Boston.
2. Catawba,	1034	Cincinnati.
3. Manhattan,	1034	Jersey City.
4. Mahopac,	1034	Jersey City.
5. Manayunk,	1034	Pittsburg.
6. Oneota,	1034	Cincinnati.
7. Saugus,	1034	Wilmington, Del.
8. Tippecanoe,	1034	Cincinnati.
9. Tecumseh,	1034	Jersey City.
10. Agimenticus,	1564	Portsmouth, N. H.
11. Monadnock,	1564	Boston Navy Yard.
12. Tonawanda,	1564	Philadelphia N. Yard.
13. Miantonomah,	1564	New York Navy Yard.

THE IRON-CLAD STEAMER GALENA.

Lieutenant commanding L. Paulding arrived off the Navy Yard on Thursday last, from Fortress Monroe. The Galena has been in the neighborhood of Fortress Monroe since her attack upon Fort Darling, in which she was considerably damaged—a number of shots having passed through her mail, as though it had been wood, instead of iron. She is mailed with thin plates of iron, laid on top of each other, but the entire thickness is not sufficient to resist shot from guns of large calibre. She comes here to be repaired, if it is possible to fit her for service. When her coat of mail is stripped off, which is to be done, and the hull submitted for inspection, it may be found unfit for remailing. Besides Commander Paulding, her acting Lieutenant is J. Parker; Surgeon R. G. Vanglesin; Engineers are J. G. Young, B. F. Beckhart, A. S. Chipman, Thos. Millholland, W. Deaver and C. W. Kenyon; Acting Masters, J. D. Sayburn, Edward Kerble; Masters Mates, A. M. Dewey, John H. Jenks, Edward A. Galindo. The Galena was built at Mystic. She carries six guns.

NAVAL ORDERS.

Commander Roger Perry has been ordered to the Steamship Fredonia, at Callao, Peru. Assistant Surgeon H. P. Babcock, to the Wabash, the flag-ship of Admiral Dupont. Capt. Theodore P. Green to command the steam sloop-of-war Shenandoah. Lieut. Commander Montgomery Sicard has been ordered to temporary ordnance duty at Washington. Lieut.-Commander Joseph S. Skerrett has been ordered to the steam sloop-of-war Shenandoah. Captain Henry S. Stellwagon has been ordered to command the sloop-of-war Constellation. Assistants Surgeons W. A. Wheller, and A. W. Parke, have been ordered to the Mississippi Squadron.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, May 27, 1863.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE TERMS:

Payable Invariably in Advance.

To Single Subscribers, one year	$1 00
Club of Six	5 00
Club of Thirteen	10 00
Club of Twenty, and one to getter up of Club	15 00
Club of Eighty, and one to getter up of Club	60 00
Club of One Hundred, and one to getter up of Club	75 00

ANOTHER ORIGINAL STORY.

"EFFIE CARLETON."

"A Leaf from the Heart-history of an Authoress."

This is a well-written story, and one which cannot fail to be a favorite with all our lady readers. A gentleman wins the affections of a lady:—the passion is mutual, and they are engaged. Circumstances separate them and their courtship is carried on by letter, during which correspondence the gentleman discovers that the lady is so superior to him in literary qualifications, that he feels himself unworthy of her, and actually makes her mental superiority an excuse for breaking the engagement. It is full of poetry and model love-letters.

TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"THE DRUNKARD'S GRAVE," having been published in these columns as original, cannot, according to rule, be permitted to appear a second time.

"MY FATHER'S GRAVE," by Mrs. F. B. M. B., we shall find room for soon. While we admire the verses, we sympathise with the authoress in the affliction that prompted them.

"THE WREATH AND THE CROSS," by A. L. L., we have filed for publication.

"THE CAPTAIN'S LETTER," by J. H. F., is declined.

"WHEN BENNY WEAVER COMES BACK," is not of sufficient general interest for our columns.

"STUDIES OF CHARACTER," being the journal of a housekeeper, we will try to make room for some extracts soon.

THE VALLANDIGHAM CASE.

The decision of the President in this case, it is said by Washington correspondents, will not be announced, it is believed for several days. Opinions are widely at variance as to the final result. The best policy the President could pursue would be to relieve Vallandigham from the sentence of the Military Court martial and hand him over to the U. S. Court for trial for his offence. There is no mischief Vallandigham can do by his speeches which will injure the Government half as much as the alarm created in the mind of liberty loving citizens when they find their personal freedom is not entirely under the protection of the civil law in a community undoubtedly loyal, but may be interfered with and restricted by military courts. The people have no confidence in the legal judgment and constitutional care of such tribunals, and no verdict from that source, however well it may be sustained by the evidence, will be considered by civilians as anything else than harsh, and the action as arbitrary and unlawful. If there was testimony sufficient to convict Vallandigham in a military court, of aiding the rebels by publicly expressing his sympathy for them, there ought to be sufficient for a verdict against him in a regular trial under the Constitution and laws of the land; and as Congress has provided by law for the trial and punishment of such offences in the civil tribunals of the United States, Gen. Burnside's act seems an assumption not warranted by that law. Vallandigham is a bold, ambitious and strong partisan, who has undertaken to lead the radical wing of the Democratic party. His extreme views are calculated to drive moderate men away from his leadership, and instead of gaining popular strength, his speeches are more likely to lessen it. No one need fear them, if he is only let alone, and no attempt made by injudicious supporters of the Government to prevent his speaking. It is the principle of free speech, interfered with in his case, which has given all the importance recently attached to him. The citizens value free speech more than they do any of his utterances. They will defend the first, while they condemn the last. If this sentence of the military tribunal is enforced against him, he will appear as a victim in a double sense—as a martyr to free speech, and as a victim denied the constitutional privilege of an accused citizen, the right of being heard in his own defence in an open trial, before a recognized, legal and constitutional tribunal.

DISABLED SOLDIERS.

We learn that the Union League of this city appointed a committee, on the 8th of April, to aid in procuring employment for disabled soldiers and sailors, honorably discharged from the service of the United States. That committee memorialized the President of the United States, and conferred with him personally, on the importance of raising an invalid corps, and on the duty of the Government to employ in the public service men who have been partially crippled in fighting for the Union. A letter from the Provost Marshal General to the committee, advises that orders have been issued for the organization of an invalid corps, and that their memorial will receive every consideration, and will be of much service in maturing the details for the organization of the corps of invalids. The committee will also apply to the authorities of the State and City, and to the various employers in this vicinity, to aid in their patriotic and charitable work. His Honor Mayor Henry, Col. Crossman, and many private citizens, have already exerted themselves to give employment to disabled soldiers, and it is hoped that all employers will manifest an equally patriotic spirit. Other Union Leagues and other political associations throughout the country should also thus evince their patriotism. The League has opened an office at No. 1011 Chesnut street, where Mr. Abraham Martin, the Superintendent, will register the names and qualifications of soldiers seeking employment, and where employers are urgently invited to call or apply by letter, as upon them must mainly depend the usefulness of this undertaking.

THE UNION LEAGUES' NATIONAL CELEBRATION.—It was announced a few days ago that some of the prominent individuals connected with the Union Leagues of this city were at Washington on business connected with their organization. It appears, by the Washington Chronicle, that the object of their visit was for the purpose of inviting President Lincoln to participate in the commemoration of the coming national anniversary, to be held in this city at Independence Hall. The following gentlemen composed the deputation:—Hon. Charles Gibbons, chairman, Daniel Smith, Jr., R. Rundell Smith, Morton McMichael, Charles Gilpin, S. W. Stokes, S. J. Christian, Charles S. Smith, John W. Forney, James Milliken, Wm. R. White and S. H. Borie. Mr. Gibbons stated that the league of this city is composed of nearly a thousand persons, and has established an organization extending to every portion of Pennsylvania; that, to testify their gratitude to the President for the manner in which he has conducted the affairs of government, while surrounded by great perils, they wished to invite him to preside at the celebration on the 4th of July. The President accepted the invitation to be present at the celebration, and nothing but public duties would prevent him.

THE VOICE OF A PATRIOT.

There is no man who by his public course tried more to avert the civil war in which we are now engaged than Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky. He labored in and out of Congress to compromise our difficulties and keep this land at peace. Partisan passion had, however, acquired too much strength to be controlled by the influences with which he endeavored to temper it, and the nation plunged into war as the only way of bringing the country back to reason through its sufferings. Mr. Crittenden, though Southern born, and sympathizing with the people and the interests of that section, no sooner found that nothing could avert the dread alternative of war, placed himself on the side of the Government, and has ever since given it his aid and sympathy, believing the rebellion to be fratricidal in its character, and intended to destroy the most peaceable, happy and prosperous people the sun ever shone upon. Mr. Crittenden does not agree with the Administration in all its acts, and to some features of its policy he is decidedly opposed, but he continues to give the Government all the support in his power, and in a late speech in the Seventh Congressional District, Ky., he distinctly avows that he is for the war so long as a rebel is in arms, as he regards the rebellion as a danger indefinitely greater than any other which threatens the country. With the Union restored, the people may in their wisdom correct the errors, repair the mischiefs and prevent further encroachments upon the Constitution; but with the Government destroyed, the Constitution and every other political guarantee of our liberties is gone with it. The present duty is to save the country entire, the future duty will be to restore the Constitution. But the first is necessary to the last. He said:

"When this war is over, we will endeavor, as a matter of policy, and for humanity's sake, to treat it as a family feud. We will make reconciliation as far as possible. We will endeavor to forgive and forget on all sides the wounds and disasters that have fallen upon us. And this nation will take a new start. We shall be a wiser people. We shall know what it is to rebel. We will know that it is no holiday frolic; no mere beating of drums and firing of blank cartridges. Our Southern brethren seem to think that there was no more harm in rebellion than in going to church. It was merely a turning to the right or to the left. But they have found out their mistake. They know now what it is to have civil war, and we will have no more rebellions after this one is disposed of. We shall go on in our grand march, prospering and to prosper. I look forward to peace—to a successful termination of this war, which will secure a reliable peace, and as is now the prospect. Whether Hooker has recrossed the Rappahannock or not; whether Richmond is taken or not; *whether in defeat or victory, my determination is to stand by and maintain the Government, and do all I can to promote a vigorous prosecution of the war.*"

The spirit which inspires these sentiments seems to be one of real patriotism and devotion to liberty. All mere personal considerations, private motives, settled convictions of policy and pride of opinion, are merged in the one absorbing sentiment, the restoration of the Union, with its power and its security to the people of their prosperity and political liberties. Mr. Crittenden could very easily, and with more consistency than most men, have placed himself in an attitude of hostility to many of the measures of the Government. He could have predicted failures in its experiments and found fault with the mistakes and blunders, which every reasonable mind must know will happen in a work of the magnitude we are now engaged in; but he rises above all these feelings in the larger and nobler sentiment of danger to his country, and throws the whole force of his example and influence upon the side of the Government till the war is successfully closed. The greater danger then averted, he may seek, by kindness and conciliation, to heal the wounds necessarily created by the war. This example is one which, if it were more generally followed, would lead sooner to a settlement of our present troubles.

CEMENT VERSUS SANDSTONE.—The introduction of some durable and tasteful covering for the fronts of dwellings and public edifices as a relief to the endless lines of bricks and mortar, which characterize our city, has long been desirable. Common plaster has been faithfully tried, but like its highly extolled successor—"mastic"—it would not stand the extremes of our climate without frequent and costly painting. Red sandstone fronts are too sombre for most tastes, even if the high price of the material did not forbid its general use. The experiment, therefore, which was tried on the Polytechnic College building, is alike interesting to both builders and capitalists, from the fact that neither paint nor wash has been used, the coloring material having been mixed with hydraulic cement before plastering. The color is as pleasing to the eye as is that of the best Picton stone, which it closely resembles, and the building, on Penn Square, in one of the most exposed situations in the city, has been rather improved than otherwise by the heat, cold, and dampness of the eleven months which have elapsed since its completion. The plasterer, Mr. Gilinger, of Norristown, has done himself credit and the public a favor by this innovation.

HOW THEY GET USED TO IT.—In New Haven, the horses attached to the steam fire engines have learned their business so well as to take delight in it, and seem really to enjoy the dash and noise as much as the men. They stand among the falling sparks of fire, while the machines are playing, as unconcerned as if they were in their stalls. And why not? The horse is among the most intelligent of animals; he is quick to observe and learn, and with him habit soon becomes second nature. And why should he not be as easily and quickly accustomed to anything else that is new and strange, so as to regard it without fear? One objection raised by some persons to the introduction of dummy engines on our city passenger railways is, that self-moving engines would scare the horses in the streets. Supposing it to be so, a very little use and familiarity of the horse with the cars would make him quite indifferent to them, while the public would gain greatly in the improved and cheapened means of transportation.

"WOMAN'S SPHERE."—It may very well be supposed that there is something in the intense excitement of the times that leads to a general derangement of social habits and proprieties. Even the women are under the influence, and not a few of them are like stars, "shooting madly from their spheres." It is stated that while the recent prize fight between Elliot and Dunn was progressing, a woman, thickly veiled, drove up in a carriage and witnessed the fight from beginning to end. This beats the active participation of the sex in politics and the like, but in either case, one's sense of propriety is shocked. Woman never undertakes anything for which she is not fitted, without neglecting something for which she is peculiarly qualified.

FLAX FABRICS.—The temporary interruption of the supply of cotton is leading to increased production of flax and new manufactures of that article in combination with other material. This business is being carried on quite extensively in Wisconsin, where specimens of flax fabrics, white as snow and also brilliantly colored, are being exhibited. Calico made of fifty per cent. of flax, cotton flannel one half flax, felted cloths, and a variety of other manufactures of which flax is a component part, are being produced in considerable quantities. The market price of the calicoes is said to be six cents per yard.

RUSSIA'S REPLY.—The reply of the Emperor of Russia to the notes addressed to her by the three powers, is differently interpreted. English writers think that Russia will do nothing without force. French writers say the reply affords a safe and encouraging basis for negotiation. English politicians say the reply pledges Russia to nothing, and that France is only playing a game of diplomacy with Russia, baffling intrigue with intrigue, and that presently diplomacy will be discarded and the sole appeal will be that of arms.

GENERAL CARL SCHURZ, considering himself greatly injured by the reports of his conduct in the late battles at Chancellorsville, has asked permission to publish his own narrative of the matter by way of personal defence. In the meanwhile General Hooker has required two newspaper correspondents, whose accounts of the affair were most damaging to General Schurz, to make a retraction of their statements in the papers for which they respectively correspond, and over their own signatures.

THE $300 DRAFT EXEMPTION CLAUSE appears to cause considerable difficulty at Washington. Secretary Stanton, it is reported, believes the clause is permissive and not mandatory; but the views of the Attorney-General are opposed to those entertained by the Secretary of War, and he holds that the law obliges the Secretary to fix a sum by the payment of which, to properly appointed persons, the drafted man may discharge himself. The matter is not yet definitely settled.

THE WESTERN WOOL GROWERS have held a Convention at Cadiz, Ohio, and adopted resolutions to protect themselves against Eastern speculators. They have agreed that it is for their interest to establish a uniform price for wool throughout the country, and that they will make an effort to effect that object. It was also agreed that medium wool should bring one dollar per pound this season.

THE SMALL AMOUNT of destruction caused by war, in proportion to the powder and ball consumed, is remarkably illustrated in the siege of Puebla. It is estimated that the Mexicans have fired fifteen thousand cannon and one million of rifle shots, killing but forty-one French soldiers and wounding one hundred and sixty-one.

THE MILDNESS of the last winter has reduced the usual supply of ice in Europe as well as in this country. The ice of the Swiss glaciers, it is said, has all been sold to the northern powers, and large numbers of workmen are cutting and carting the ice away.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

The *Chesnut Street Theatre* is still nightly fully attended to witness the very entertaining performance of Mrs. John Wood, and a strong company, in the musical and spectacular burletta of "The Fair One of the Golden Locks." The house being very thoroughly ventilated, and cooled by a huge fan, two or three hours may be as comfortably, even in the warmest weather, spent there as at any other place in or out of the city. Mrs. W. is a beautiful woman, and while this is confessedly so, she greatly adds to her attraction by seeming to be unconscious of it herself. Her stage movement is as gentle and lady-like as we have ever seen, and the points in her role of "The Fair One of the Golden Locks," are rendered with a grace and unction truly pleasing. She will appear in it every evening this week, besides which Setchel, the funny man of the present day, will play in some popular farce. The new theatre, with its fine panoramic views, is now the fashionable resort of our more refined citizens.

This is announced as the last week of the season at the *Walnut Street Theatre*, and the evenings will be pretty much divided in benefits among the principal performers of the stock company. Some of them are old favorites, and, by their many efforts to please, deserve to be remembered in this last appeal for the season.

Blitz is performing, this week, at Frankford, and other adjacent towns, and to crowded halls wherever he performs.

The Opera House of Carncross & Dixey is closed for this week, to afford opportunity for renovation and the production of Summer novelty.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Initials.—A Story of Modern Life. T. B. Peterson & Brothers: Philadelphia.

This is a very full novel, embodying some information, with much that is entertaining as a romance. It is said to have already run through several editions in England, and, with this evidence of its popularity, is likely to meet with a corresponding demand here. The authoress is said to be an English lady of education, married to a German nobleman, residing on the Continent. This may be so, but it is of little consequence whether it is or not, as the book will speak for itself.

HARPERS' PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION, Nos. 3 and 4, have just come to hand, and in all respects equal in facts and artistic excellence anything in relation to the war that has come under our notice, in the way of book record of the stirring events to which they refer.

NEWS AND NOTINGS OF THE WEEK.

☞ Clergymen have to pay $150 for an ordinary black coat in Richmond.

☞ A "smoking and euchre car" has been placed upon the Vermont Central Railroad.

☞ An ordinance has been passed in Petersburg, Va., prohibiting the taking of Federal money.

☞ The Richmond Whig has shut up shop, under the pressure of heavy taxes and expenses.

☞ Rank and fashion may be all very fine in times of peace, but rank and file must have precedence of them in time of war.

☞ The man who was rash enough to wager that he would live to see a plundering official strung up, has "withdrawn the bet."

☞ At Barnum's last baby show, Connecticut sent the single lot of triplets, and so gained the premium and the honor—such as it is.

☞ The Rev. Mr. Stetson, the domestic missionary of Taunton, says, in his annual report, that there are five hundred drunken women in that town.

☞ A rebel prisoner taken at the Fort of Bute la Rose, in Louisiana, says that we captured about four thousand mosquitoes to every square inch, besides an indefinite quantity of fleas and mud.

☞ The "birth place" of Daniel Webster, in Franklin, N. H., has passed out of the Webster name. It was owned by the widow of the late Colonel Fletcher Webster, by whom it has recently been sold to Mr. L. D. Colly, of Franklin.

☞ An Irish girl, an operative in Smith's paper mill, Lee, Mass., recently found five genuine $1,000 Treasury notes in the paper rags, and another girl, in another mill, in another lot of rags found a gold chain valued at $50.

☞ Fredericksburg presents a picture of desolation. Fine old mansions are in ruins, and nearly every prominent building bears the marks of war. The tall, costly spire of the Episcopal church is perforated with seventeen shot-holes.

☞ On Saturday afternoon a newsboy, in the absence of any exciting news wherewith to stimulate purchasers, went through the streets of Washington crying out, "'Nother raid by Stonewall Jackson!" An excited gentleman stopped him with, "I thought Jackson dead!" "Well, so he is; but his ghost is makin' this 'ere raid."

☞ Reports prevailed a few days ago that the rebels were on a raid near Poolesville, and some consternation was produced in Georgetown by them. The Chain Bridge was taken up, and the aqueduct bridge was fortified with cannon. It is now ascertained that the supposed enemy were our own soldiers, sent to Poolesville by Gen. Schenck.

☞ The Portland Advertiser, in noticing the case of an idiotic boy named Archibald, who murdered a child in the Almshouse of that city, says, "It is a fact that should be known, that the parents of this boy have had twenty-one children, all of whom were imbeciles, and this, again, owing to the fact that they were own cousins. What a warning should this prove to those who would marry blood relatives, and thereby entail on their offspring all the ills that flesh is heir to."

☞ There were 235 deaths in this city in the week ending on Saturday last, of which 120 were adults and 115 children. There were 35 from consumption of the lungs; 12 from convulsions; 3 from diarrhœa; 6 from dropsy; 3 from disease of the heart; 18 from debility; 9 from typhoid fever; 12 from inflammation of the lungs; 5 from marasmus; 3 from scarlet fever. Deaths and interments of soldiers in the city, 8.

☞ Strange stories are told about a brigadier-general, whose name is not mentioned, who has received a present of *a white feather* from the men of a brigade in whose rifle-pits he sought refuge during one of the recent engagements, until a cessation in shelling enabled him to "skedaddle" to the rear. Well, "he who fights, &c.," but it is doubtful whether, in the face of the jibes and jeers heard, this gallant officer will essay to fight another day."

☞ The venerable Sam Houston, after 70 years' devotion to the Union, and having been robbed of his office by the rebels for retaining that devotion, is said to have recently made a speech of considerable length, in which he declared that his fondest last wish was in behalf of the Southern Confederacy. Poor old Patriarch! He might have said:

"Pray do not mock me!
I am a very foolish, fond old man,—
And to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind."

☞ At Pittsfield, Ill., recently, three young men, respectably connected, pleaded guilty of manslaughter, and were sentenced to the State Prison, two for life and one for twenty years. The strange circumstances attending the crime show that the wife and two step-daughters of the murdered man prompted the deed—that the man partially assented to it, stating that he did not blame the men who were about to hang him, but his wife and daughters—that he bandaged his eyes with his own handkerchief—that the girls rejoiced when the deed was done, and gave the murderers $10 apiece, and asked for locks of their hair, while the old woman gave them a horse and started them for Missouri.

☞ A late English paper states that, at the recent marriage of the Prince of Wales, the value of the gold service upon his dinner table exceeded ten millions of dollars! Think of that! and then of the choice viands—edibles and potables—which the markets and vineyards of the world could produce, which were spread upon and contained in this magnificent and multifarious plate! It was not so in the olden time. On a similar festal occasion, we read in the quaint rhyme of a court chronicler of the period that—

"The King and Queen sat down to dine,
And many more beside;
And what they did not eat that night
Next morning *it was fried!*"

That was princely economy. Perhaps some Franklin would be greatly welcomed who should propose such frugality to the English people of the present day!

☞ The Washington correspondent of the Springfield Republican, alluding to the death of James Madison Cutts, the father of Mrs. Douglas, says: "Mrs. Douglas is again in mourning. She was always a favorite with her father, and the attachment between them was unusually strong. She is now left alone with her children to battle with life as best she can. The children relinquished their Memphis estate long ago by choosing to remain here and espouse the cause of their country. One of the boys is upon General Burnside's staff. If the Government succeeds in restoring the Union, or in putting down the rebellion, the children will recover their Southern estate, though doubtless in a ruined condition. Every few months the gossip-mongers have coined a new story respecting Mrs. Douglas. They have married her to several men, but most frequently to Mr. Chase. What makes the matter worse, is, that there never was the slightest foundation for it. It must have been started purposely, for a mischievous purpose. Mrs. Douglas has busied herself for the last two years at the hospitals. There is not a woman in the country who has been more active in doing good than she, and hundreds of wounded and sick soldiers will remember her name with gratitude."

THE LATEST NEWS,

BY TELEGRAPH.

NAVAL OPERATIONS AT VICKSBURG.

CAPTURE OF HAINES' BLUFF, WITH FOURTEEN FORTS.

GUNS AND CAMP EQUIPAGE IN GOOD ORDER.

Bombardment of the City.

WASHINGTON, May 25.—The following has been received at the Navy Department:

CAIRO, ILL., May 25.—To the Hon. GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy.

The following despatch has just been received:

A. M. PENNOCK,
Fleet Captain Mississippi Squadron.
FLAG SHIP BLACK HAWK,
Haines' Bluff, Yazoo River, May 20.

To the Hon. GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy:

On the morning of the 15th, I came over to the Yazoo river, to be ready to co-operate with Gen. Grant, leaving two of the iron-clads at Red river, one at Grand Gulf, one at Carthage, three at Warrenton, and two in the Yazoo, which left me a small force. Still I disposed of them to the best advantage. On the 18th, at meridian, firing was heard in the rear of Vicksburg, which assured me that Gen. Grant was approaching the city.

The cannonading was kept up furiously for some time, when, by the aid of glasses, I discerned a company of our artillery advancing, taking a position, and driving the rebels before them.

I immediately saw that Gen. Sherman's division had come into the left of Snyder's bluff, and that the rebels at that place had been cut off from joining the forces in the city.

I despatched the De Kalb, Lieut. Comd'r Walker, the Choctaw, Lieut. Comd'r Ramsay, and the Reno, Petrel, and Forest Rose, all under command of Lieut. Comd'r Breeze, up the Yazoo, to open communication in that way with Generals Grant and Sherman.

This I succeeded in doing, and in three hours received letters from Generals Grant, Sherman and Steele, informing me of their vast success, and asking me to send up provisions, which was at once done.

In the meantime, Lieut. Comd'r Walker, in the De Kalb, pushed on to Haines' Bluff, which the enemy commenced evacuating the day before, and a party remained behind, in hopes of taking away or destroying the large amount of ammunition on hand.

When they saw the gunboats, they ran and left everything in good order—guns, forts, tents and equipage of all kinds—which fell into our hands. As soon as the capture of Haines' Bluff and fourteen forts were reported to me, I moved up the gunboats from below Vicksburg to fire at the hill batteries, which was kept up for two or three hours.

At midnight they moved up to the town and opened upon it for about an hour, and continued at intervals during the night to annoy the garrison.

On the 19th, I placed six mortars in position, with orders to fire night and day as rapidly as they could.

The works at Haines' Bluff are very formidable. There are fourteen of the heaviest kind of mounted 8 and 10 inch and 7½ inch rifled guns, with ammunition enough to last a long siege.

As the gun-carriages might again fall into the hands of the enemy, I had them burned, blew up the magazine and destroyed the works generally. I also burned up the encampments, which were permanently and remarkably well constructed, looking as if the rebels intended to stay for some time.

These works and encampments covered many acres of ground, and the fortifications and the rifle pits proper of Haines' Bluff extend about a mile and a quarter.

Such a network of defences I never saw. The rebels were a year constructing them, and all were rendered useless in an hour.

As soon as I got through with the destruction of the magazines and other works, I started Lieut. Com. Walker up the Yazoo river, with a sufficient force to destroy all the enemy's property in that direction, with orders to proceed as far as Yazoo City, where the rebels have a navy yard and storehouses. In the meantime, Gen. Grant has closely invested Vicksburg, and has possession of the best commanding points.

In a very short time a general assault will be made, when I hope to announce that Vicksburg has fallen, after a series of the most brilliant successes that ever attended an army. There has never been a case during the war where the rebels have been so successfully beaten at all points, and the patience and endurance shown by our army and navy for so many months, are about to be rewarded.

It is a mere question of a few hours, and then, with the exception of Port Hudson, which will follow Vicksburg, the Mississippi will be open its entire length. (Signed)

D. D. PORTER, Acting Rear Admiral,
Commanding the Mississippi Squadron.

The Victory of Baker's Creek.

CINCINNATI, May 25.—Special despatches from Gen. Grant's army have been received here, containing full accounts of the battles recently fought in Mississippi. They represent them as a series of bloody engagements.

The correspondent of the Commercial, in a letter dated "On the battle field at Baker's Creek, May 16," says: "The Union army under Gen. Grant has won another glorious victory. A furious battle, lasting for nearly five hours, resulted in the defeat of the enemy at all points, with a loss of 3000 killed and wounded and the capture of three complete batteries of heavy rifled cannon, besides large quantities of small arms and camp equipage. Our success was signal and complete.

"Early on the morning of the 16th inst., Gen. McClernand's corps was put in motion. Gen. Hovey's division advanced across the open field at the foot of Champion Hill, and at 11 o'clock commenced the battle. The hill was covered with timber, and flanked on both sides with ravines and gullies, and in many places covered with an almost impenetrable growth of scrubby bushes. The rebels opened with a heavy fire from a four gun battery and from sharpshooters stationed in the woods. Here the battle raged terribly from 11 o'clock till 3 in the afternoon. Gen. Hovey's division carried the heights in gallant style. Making a dash on the first battery, they captured it. The rebel dead lay thick in the vicinity of the guns. Gun carriages and caissons were broken and overturned, while knapsacks, blankets, small arms and other *debris*, attested the struggle for the ground. At this juncture, the rebels being reinforced, Gen. Hovey was slowly driven back; but a brigade from Gen. Quimby was ordered to his support and the ground was speedily reoccupied, and the rebels finally repulsed.

"At the commencement of the engagement, Logan's division marched past the brow of the hill, forming in line of battle on the right of General Hovey, and advanced in gallant style, sweeping everything before them to the edge of the woods. In front of Logan the battle was of the most desperate character imaginable; the rattle of musketry was incessant and continuous, in which the reports were so blended that a single discharge was rarely heard. Logan captured two batteries and a large portion of the prisoners, small arms, &c."

Reports from Vicksburg.

CINCINNATI, May 25.—The Commercial's special, dated Memphis, May 23d, says:

As soon as it was known that Jackson was taken, a movement was made on Haines' and Chickasaw Bluffs, the Unionists being under the command of Gen. Sherman. The rebels were thoroughly entrenched, and determined to dispute the occupation of the Bluffs to the last. Gen. Sherman made the attack in the most brilliant manner. After a severe fight with heavy loss, he occupied the field, capturing 8000 prisoners, 100 heavy guns, 1000 animals, camp ammunition and large quantities of corn and stores. The loss to the rebels in killed and wounded is awful. The prisoners were paroled and sent across the Yazoo river. [This does not agree with Com. Porter's despatch, who represents that the rebels evacuated Haines' Bluff]

On Sunday Gen. Grant directed an attack to be made on the upper batteries at Vicksburg, and simultaneously the gunboats commenced bombarding the water batteries at that place.

It is stated by gentlemen who stood on the De Soto at a point immediately opposite Vicksburg, that on Tuesday General Grant took the rebel guns on the hill and turned them on the rebels, who were at the water batteries. Paroled prisoners state that Gen. Grant had possession of the entire line of fortifications surrounding Vicksburg, and that rebel officers told them it was impossible, since the capture of Haines' Bluff, for them to escape.

It is stated that General Johnston had started to Vicksburg with 19,000 men, but had been cut off and driven back.

When the Empress arrived at Milliken's Bend, on Wednesday, the firing at Vicksburg and up the Yazoo had entirely ceased, which leaves no doubt of the occupation of the entire Vicksburg fortifications, as well as all the surrounding points, by Gen. Grant.

Gen. Frank P. Blair had sent down to the Point for quartermaster's stores, stating that his Division rested on Chickasaw Bluffs.

The Twelfth Missouri came out of the engagement with only 84 fighting men.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, May 25, 1863.

Another prize fight came off last week—the combatants being J. C. Orem, the so-called champion of Colorado Territory, and Owen Geoghan, of this city. The place chosen for the disgusting exhibition was a secluded spot about two miles from South Amboy, N. J. Geoghan's friends went down last night after dark, in the Keyport boat, and the adherents of his antagonist followed at daybreak this morning, in a steam-tug specially chartered for the occasion. The parties entered the ring at 6 o'clock, A. M. Kit Burns and Paddy, well known bruisers, acted as Orem's seconds, and Holmes and Donnelly performed a similar service for the party of the second part. The New Yorker weighs 138 pounds, and is 22 years of age. Orem weighs 142 pounds, 27 years of age, and boasts that he never drank a drop of liquor in his life. Just as the first round was announced, the Sheriff of the county stepped into the ring and commanded the crowd to disperse. Orem was inclined to respect the mandate, but Geoghan said he came there to fight, and fight he would. The Sheriff finding his authority disregarded, retired from the ring, whereupon the "mill" proceeded. Nineteen rounds were fought, when the ring was broken into by the friends of Geoghan, one of whom pointed a pistol at the referee's head and threatened to blow his brains out if he did not decide in his favor. The referee, thus bullied, decided as he was commanded, whereupon Geoghan jumped out of the ring, and was borne away by his friends, in the midst of cheers, intermingled with cursing and swearing. Orem, with his friends, soon after followed, muttering vengeance upon Geoghan and his party, for taking so unfair an advantage of them.

The cream of the joke however, was this:—As soon as the steamboat John Tracy started for the city with the roughs on board, she was brought to by a shot from the police boat. The latter then took her in tow, and on arrival back at the city, between thirty and forty of the ruffians were placed under arrest, including Harry Hill, Jimmy Elliott, and Ottignon.

The admirers and patrons of the fistic art are again exercised over a second prize fight between McGeoghan and Con. Orem. The latter challenges the former for $5,000 a side; the challenger to pay all the incidental expenses. McGeoghan and his friends contend that Orem was beaten fairly, at the recent "bout" near Amboy, but the other party deny that, and insist upon a second trial, to definitely decide the point in dispute.

The tide of immigration from British ports is increasing in volume as the season advances, and the tide, so long as there is starvation there, and plenty here, will probably know no retiring ebb for a long while to come. I have seen letters from the Liverpool, London, and Cork packet agents, to their correspondents here, which bid us prepare for a steady and rapid increase of our population from accessions from Ireland, where the suffering among the masses of the people, especially in the Western districts, is as great as ever, notwithstanding the relief that has been contributed during the spring. In some towns all who can raise the means to pay their passage to America were going, while others, who could not go themselves, were selling off everything they had in the world to enable others (sons, brothers, etc.), to leave, in advance, in the expectation that they would be able to acquire in America the means to enable them in due time to follow. In this way, if the hegira keeps on, as it undoubtedly will, whole districts would be depopulated.

The following abstract of the weekly statement of the Commissioners of Emigration tells the whole story, in short metre:

Arrivals from 1st January to May 13th,	31,778
" for week ending May 20th,	6,942
Total,	38,720
Total same time last year,	14,231
Increase this season, thus far,	24,489

The arrivals here include the ship Jacob Thompson, with nearly *nine hundred!* The great majority of these emigrants, I am informed by the Commissioners, are single, able-bodied men, who expect some of them to go out West farming, and some to enter the naval and military service of the United States, if there should be an opening for them there. Others are good mechanics and tradesmen, whose muscle, in the present state of the labor market, will probably not have to go a long time a-begging. The bark Donan, from Hamburg, which also arrived, brings 300 passengers.

A notable event of the coming week is to be the State Convention of the Loyal League Clubs, at Utica, on Tuesday. It is estimated that 3000 persons will go from this city alone—including some hundreds of returned soldiers.

Steamship City of New York sailed Saturday for Liverpool. Among her passengers, are several Philadelphia families. Specie on freight, $165,000. The Corsica, for Havana and Nassau, likewise left Saturday, with 80 passengers, among whom are R. Barton, W. Tuttle, Charles Lock, and W. B. Sterill, of Philadelphia. Specie, $146,763.

Judge Pringle, of this State, goes to Liverpool in the City of New York, *en route* to Cape Town, Africa, to act there, on behalf of the U. S. Government, with a Judge appointed, or to be appointed, by Great Britain, in the adjudication of slaves captured on the African Coast. Judge Pringle was a member of the last Congress.

The Democratic Peace Convention (so-called) appointed for the 3d of June, will convene at the Broadway Assembly Rooms, and its sessions will probably occupy several days. Ex-Mayor Wood is understood to be the mainspring of the movement, the Tamany wing of the party as yet holding aloof.

A fire broke out, early Saturday afternoon, at No. 230 Pearl street, and, before the flames could be extinguished, property to the value of $10,000 was destroyed. The principal sufferers were—Saurin & Osgood, loss about $3000; Jos. Egbert, printer, $2000; E. Egbert & Co., bookbinders, $200; Anderson & Pearce, druggists, $2000. The fire was the result of accident.

Owing to the present lameness of Dr. Albion's colt, Blackbird, there is some doubt whether he will be started for the great three and four mile heats races for $20,000, fixed for next month, here and at Philadelphia.

It may also interest the sporting fraternity of your city to know, that Charley Moore, the referee in the recent prize fight between McGeoghen and Con. Owen, has officially declared that the fight was a fair one, and that the former, therefore, must be declared the winner.

The week closed with a moderately active money market. On call the range was from 6 a 7 per cent., with the bulk of the business at 6½. Paper was without change, the scarcity of first-class names preventing any increase in rates. A No 1, 60 days, endorsed. were readily taken at 5 per cent.; four to six months, at 5 a 5½; single names, 5 a 6; second-class paper was in demand at 7 a 10.

COTTON.—The market for Cotton is unchanged; some sales of middling Uplands were made at previous prices.

FLOUR.—Western and State Flour is heavy; we hear of sales of 20,000 bbls. at $5 10 a 5 40 for superfine State and Western, $5 80 a 5 95 for extra State, $5 75 a $6 for the low grades of Western extra, and $6 20 a 6 35 for shipping brands of round-hoop extra Ohio. The market for Southern Flour is less active; sales of 650 bbls. were made at $6 70 a 7 25 for mixed to good superfine Baltimore, and $7 40 a 9 50 for the better kinds. Rye Flour in fair request; 200 bbls. were sold at $3 40 a 5 20. Corn Meal is steady, with sales of 200 bbls. at $4 45 a 4 50.

GRAIN.—The market for wheat is less active, and the demand is moderate. Sales of 100,000 bushels are reported at $1 15 a 1 35 for Chicago spring, and $1 30 a 1 40 for Milwaukie club, and $1 41 a 1 47 for red winter Western. Oats are selling at 71 a 75c. for Western and State. The market for corn is heavy. Sales of 200,000 bushels were made at previous prices.

PROVISIONS.—The market for Pork is firmer; sales of 1000 bbls. were made at $11 50 a 12 00 for Prime, and $13 25 a 13 75 for new Mess. Beef is in fair demand at $9 60 a 11 50 for Mess, and $12 a 13 for extra Mess. Lard is heavy, with sales of 700 packages at 9¾ a 10¼c. Butter and Cheese are unchanged.

WHISKY.—The market is steady; sales of 450 bbls. were made at 43¾ a 44c. for Western and State.

THE MARKETS.

THE MONEY MARKET.

—A copy of the annual report of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company for the year 1862 is at hand. Much of this interesting document is taken up with the details of the disastrous freshet to the Company's works on the 4th of June last; the substance and result of which being generally known, does not require recapitulation. Navigation was not reestablished between East Mauch Chunk and Easton until the 3d of October, though there was earlier navigation between Easton and Hokendauqua. The shipment of coal before the freshet was 231,999 tons, and after it, 164,228 tons, making an aggregate of 396 227 tons. Of this amount, 219,792 tons were shipped at Mauch Chunk, 129,414 at East Mauch Chunk and Penn Haven, 20,298 at Rockport, and 26,723 at White Haven. The product of coal from the Company's mines was 141,715 tons, of which 72,594 tons were consumed on the line of the Canal, 106,431 tons passed into the Morris Canal, and 217,202 went into the Delaware Division. Of the tonnage of the last named Canal, 166,392 tons passed through to Bristol, and 97,410 tons passed out at Wills Falls into the feeder of the Delaware and Raritan Canal. The quantity of lumber carried on the navigation was only 15,116,600 feet. All communication with the lumber region on the Upper Lehigh was cut off by the flood, and still remains so. The freight from descending tonnage for the year amounted to 443,232 tons and from ascending tonnage to 108,586 tons; together, 551,818 tons. The profits on the current business for the year were, from ground and water rents, and from sales of real estate, $26,150; from coal, $9,111; from tolls, $165,457; and from sale of State loans and other securities, $26,619; amounting to a total of $307,347. The net earnings of the year were $183,860 being equal to an interest of over seven per cent. upon the capital stock. The usual semi-annual dividends of three per cent. each were declared in May and November. At the close of the year 1862, the Contingent Fund stood thus:

Pennsylvania State Fives	$471,000
N. Pennsylvania R. R. 1st Mortgage Bonds	51,000
N. Pennsylvania R. R. Scrip Bonds	8 490
Nanticoke R. R 1st Mortgage Bonds	47,000
Lehigh Crane Iron Company's Bonds	300,000
Amount at par	$877,490

At the present time (May 2d, 1863), it stands as follows:

Pennsylvania State Fives	$312,000
N. Pennsylvania R. R. Scrip	8,490
Nanticoke R. R 1st Mortgage Bonds	47 000
Lehigh Crane Iron Company's Bonds	300 00
Amount at par	$667,490

There was no change during the year in the Capital Stock or Funded Debt of the Company. During the same period, the floating debt of the Company was increased $372,572 48, including which the general indebtedness of the Company was increased $375,779 31. At the end of the year 1862, the liabilities of the Company, including Capital Stock, Funded Debt, and pecuniary obligations of every kind, were $6,057,640 28, being $375,779 31 more than they were at the close of the year 1861. The cost of the repairs, ordinary and extraordinary, and of the improvements to the navigation, amounted at the end of the year to the sum of $566,381 56. The extraordinary repairs and improvements to the Lower Section, occasioned by the flood, cost the sum of $514,754 45. A careful estimate, made under the direction of the Company's Engineer, from actual measurements, shows that the cost of restoring the Upper Section to its condition before the flood would be about $900,000. The expense of doing this would be so great, that public sentiment from the beginning decided almost unanimously that from White Haven down to Rockport or Penn Haven, it ought never to be done. In regard to that portion of the line between Penn Haven and Mauch Chunk, there has been a greater diversity of opinion, with a growing preponderance, however, in favor of the abandonment of the greater part of that also.

—We have little disposition to interfere in the stock movements of the day, but cannot hesitate to express a caution that we feel necessary in consequence of the wild and extraordinarily large operations daily transpiring in the more worthless of the "fancies." It is not presumed by any one at all acquainted with the condition of the companies issuing these shares that any return in the shape of dividends will be had in the next ten years, if ever. The whole business in many of these stocks is of the most profligate and speculative character, the consequences of which will fall with terrible severity on the ignorant and unsuspecting one of these days. The more designing in the speculation will, as usual, manage to escape, leaving their victims sad losers. While the operations are confined to the legitimate dealers in stocks, these bubbles are of little public concern, but when outsiders, tempted by reported profits realized from day to day, venture with their little savings into the arena, it is proper that they should be asked to pause long enough to examine something of the character and value of the certificates purporting to represent "capital," and for which they are about to give their money, and inquire when, probably, a return in the shape of dividends may be realized. We know that most operators are buying for a rise, and not for investment. They imagine that, as pric... advanced yesterday, the day before, ... week past, that they will continue t... to-morrow, next day, and a week, ... long enough, for them to sell out ... Beware! The day or the hour no ma... when this pretty bubble will be pri... what is of nothing will return t... when the breath that blew it into pro... withdrawn or withheld. Somebody ... lose, and to lose largely on several o... now most active in the market. I... otherwise, and to the unsophistica... matters, we venture the advice that ... ble profit is not half equal to the c... that must eventually fall on the last u... holder. The best of securities are no... hour of the country's trouble, very u... and give to the more intelligent capitali... anxiety in determining as to their ... value. But to invest and lock up mo... much of the trash called stock securitie... bandied from hand to hand, is the most ... gambling, with certain loss in the end. ... aloof.

The following were the closing prices of st... on Monday, as corrected by D. M. ROBINSO... Co., Stock Brokers, No. 138 South Third stre... Philadelphia:

	Par	Bid	Ask		Par	Bid	Ask
LOANS				Susq & Tide	50	...	...
U States 6s '81	100	107¾	108	" bds '78	100	63	...
Treas N 7-30	100	107	107⅛	Del Div Cnl	50	45	47
Penna 6s	100	...	111	" bds	100	...	...
" 5s	100	101½	...	W Branch bs	100	...	...
" 5s cp	100	...	103⅜	RAILROADS.			
Philada 6s o	100	108	...	Cam & Am R	100	170	171
" R	100	108	108½	" 6s '64	100	...	...
" G Ln	100	...	...	" 6s '84	100	103	104
" N Ln	100	111½	111⅛	" 6s '67	100	103	104
" coup'n	100	111¼	111⅛	" 6s '70	100	...	109
" 5s	100	98	...	" 6s '75	100	106	...
Pittsb'g m 6s	100	...	100	" 6s '83	100	103	...
" 6s R	100	...	...	" 6s '89	100	...	...
Alleg City 6s	100	94	...	" 6s '63	100	...	...
" co. R	100	80	81	Phil & Trn R	100	...	...
Camden 6s	100	...	...	" bds '88	100	...	106
Tenn 5s	100	...	...	Penna R	50	67½	67⅝
Cincinna 6s	100	...	...	" 6s 1st m	100	114	115
Missouri 6s	100	71¾	72	" 2d m	100	107½	108½
St Louis bds	100	...	...	L Schuyl R	50	50½	50⅝
BANKS.				" 6s	100	...	...
N Amer Bk	100	150	150⅛	" 7s	100	...	...
Philadelphia	100	121	122	Del R m bds	100	...	106
Far & Mech	50	55½	55⅝	" guar	100	...	105
Commercial	50	52	53	Beaver M R	50	75	76
N Liberties	50	62	66	" prf 10	50	...	...
Mechanics'	20	27	...	Phil, G& N R	50	58¾	59
Southwark	50	...	...	" 6s	100	...	...
Kensington	50	65	...	Reading R	50	55¼	55⅛
Penn Town	35	35	...	" pf stk	50	...	...
Girard	50	41	45	" m 6s '43	100	110	...
Western	50	...	...	" m 6s '44	100	110	...
Manu & Mec	25	25	27	" m 6s '70	100	106⅜	107⅛
Commerce	50	65	...	" m 6s '86	100	...	...
Tradesmen's	50	62	...	Minehill R	50	65	65½
City	50	...	49⅛	H M J & L R	50	...	...
Consolidat'n	30	...	31	" R bs '83	100	...	...
Commonw'h	50	37	...	N Penna R	50	15	16
Corn Exc'ge	30	32	32½	" 6s	100	95½	96
Union	40	38¾	40	" 10s	100	17	...
Camden	50	...	...	Sham V & Pts	50	...	...
" Far & M	100	...	...	Phil & Sun 7s	100	109	109
Germant'n	50	...	...	Chester V R	50	...	...
Miner's Ptts	50	...	...	" 7s	100	40	45
Trenton B C	50	...	...	Lehigh V R	50	80	85
Bk Pittsburg	50	52	56	" 6s	50	103	...
Mer & Manu	50	...	...	Elmira & W	100	...	...
Exchange	50	...	...	" prefd	50	...	54⅛
Kentucky	100	93	94	" bds 7s	100	111	...
" North	100	104	...	" 10s	100	77½	79
" South	100	...	...	Catawiss R	50	8	8⅛
Louisville	100	94	96	" pfd	100	24	25
Farmers'	100	93	100	" 10s	100	...	...
Tenn Union	100	...	35	Phil W & B R	50	...	...
" Plants	100	33	...	" loan '84	100	42	...
INSUR CO.				Phil & Erie	100	25½	26
N America	10	22	23	" bds en	100	106	107
Penna F & A	100	...	...	Sun & E 7s	100	111½	...
Life & Annu	100	...	...	Cum Val R	50	...	...
Girard L & T	25	...	28⅛	L Island R	50	...	40
Amer Fire	75	...	...	" 6s	100	...	...
Penna M & N	100	150	...	W Chester 7s	100	...	...
Franklin	100	...	...	" 8s	100	...	...
County	50	...	...	CITY P. R.			
CANALS.				Second St R	20	...	80
Sch Nav shs	50	11	12	" 1st m 7s	100	...	...
" prfd	50	25¾	25⅞	" 2d m 7s	100	...	...
" ln qu '72	100	91⅛	...	Germant'n	15	39⅛	...
" loan '82	100	...	88	Fifth & 6th R	50	...	63
" loan bt	100	...	...	" 7s	100	...	...
" imp't ln	100	90	...	Tenth St	20	...	43
" 1876	100	73	80	Spruce St R	8	17	17⅛
Leh Nav shs	50	58	61	Chesnut St R	10	...	68
" Scrip	50	46¼	46⅜	W Philad R	50	68	69
" 6 per ct	100	108⅜	109¼	" 7s	100	...	...
Morris Can'l	100	...	73	Arch St R	20	28¾	28⅜
" prefd	100	...	142	Race St R	18	13½	14
" bds	100	...	108	" 7s	100	...	...
" 2d mtg	100	102	...	Green St R	15	...	47
Ches & Del	200	...	60	" 7s	100	...	—
" 6s '86	100	101	...	MISCELLA'S.			
Union C shs	50	...	...	Am Gold	100	145	145
" pref 6s	50	4⅞	5	Acad Music	100	30	45
" bonds	100	...	2⅛	Pa & Lh Zinc	50	50	...

Baltimore Stocks.				New York Stocks.			
Balt Cy 6s '90	100	108	110	N Y Cen R	100	123⅛	123⅜
Maryld 6s '90	100	115⅛	...	Ill Cen R	100	...	115⅛
Balt R 6s '85	100	103¼	105	Rock Isl R	100	...	100⅛
" shs	100	86⅛	87⅛	Gal & Chi R	100	...	103⅛
N Cen R shs	50	41	42½	Mich South	100	...	...
" 6s '85	100	103	103½	Cleve & Tol	50	...	114⅛

—The following figures are given as the amount of the national debt up to the 8th of May, 1863:

Old Public Debt	$67,221,591 89
20 Year Bonds	50 000 000 00
6 Per Cent. 5-20 Year Bonds	81,442,811 96
3-Year Bonds	139,996 950 00
Oregon War Debt	873,450 00
2-Year 6 Per Cent. Notes, Certificates of Indebtedness and Temporary Loans	212,931,126 37
U. S. Notes, including Fractional Currency	399,900,956 00
	$991 311,886 13
Less amount in Treasury	8,648,143 39
	$983,733,241 74

These figures cover a heavy aggregate, but an amount much less than has been previously stated. The sum is nearly a thousand millions of dollars, an item large in itself, but not so very terrible, compared with the vast resources and immense wealth of the country at peace. Hunt's Merchants' Magazine for May, has in it a valuable and timely article, showing the present accumulations and national income of the United States, thus demonstrating the ability of the country to pay its war debt and taxation. It is shown by one of the tables that the yearly income of the nation was in 1860, from the source indicated, about two thousand millions, and the writer does not pretend to have enumerated every source of revenue. In estimating the income of the nation, the writer compares the figures for 1860 with those of 1800, calling five per cent. as the probable returns from the lands; ten per cent. from the houses; twenty per cent. the profits on exports, and in manufactures allows one-half for material. The houses in the country in 1860 are valued at the low average of $748 each, and therefore the per cent. on that valuation is a low estimate of the income received.

—The issue of legal-tender notes has been discontinued, and the blank notes now on hand have been sealed up. The total amount of greenbacks in circulation is not far from $405,000,000. It has long been known that vast quantities of silver have for centuries been carried to India, and that there it disappeared out of the circulation of the world like pebbles down a cavern. It is said that in the last twenty five years, $550,000,000 have been sent thither, of which $450,000,500 have thus disappeared. No probable reason has ever been discovered for this mystery, except the ancient Asiatic custom of burying specie and jewelry in the ground.

—We were last week, shown a counterfeit fifty cent note postage currency, received in this city by mail from Cleveland, Ohio. It is not a very good imitation, the engraving, the printing and the color showing at once its spurious character on a comparison with one of the genuine. In the evening and without some little observation, it might very readily pass for genuine.

—Vicksburg, if captured, as is now hoped and believed it will be, it will open up an immense business on the Mississippi. Louisiana is destitute of cattle, mules, hay, oats and other western products, which will be poured into New Orleans the moment Grant draws in his cordon about Vicksburg, and knocks down the last rebel stronghold on the mighty river.

—The price of all sizes of Lehigh Coal, except Nut, has been fixed at $1 per ton at Mauch Chunk, after the 1st of June. Scranton Egg Coal sold last week at $6 75 per ton. The coal trade, as well to carriers as to producers, never promised better than now. Prices and tonnage are large.

PRICES OF FLOUR AND GRAIN.

The following were the prices of Flour, Wheat, Grain and Oats, at the several points named, at the latest dates received:

	Flour.	Wheat.	Corn.	Oats.
Philadelphia	5 94	1 68	92	82
New York	5 90	1 62	88	80
Buffalo	6 55	1 41	60	62
Cleveland	5 50	1 18	50	50
Wilmington	6 00	1 75	85	44
Cincinnati	4 75	1 30	75	69
Trenton, N. J.	6 51	1 75	80	55
St. Louis	7 00	1 33	40	33
Baltimore	6 75	1 74	92	83
Albany	6 25	1 67	70	70
Boston	6 50	—	98	84
New Orleans	12 50	—	1 12	87
Pittsburg	6 75	1 30	80	64
Louisville	6 00	1 16	78	80
Chicago	5 75	1 13	48	56
Detroit	5 75	1 15	45	36
Toledo	5 75	1 12	48	36
Milwaukie	5 50	1 15	44	56

CATTLE MARKET.

PHILADELPHIA, May 25.—The supply of fat cattle at Phillips' Avenue Drove Yard amounted to only 950 head. Prices were unchanged at 10 to 13 cts. per lb. 200 Cows found buyers at $30 to $35 per head for springers, and $20 to $18 for Cows and Calves. 3500 Sheep sold at 8 to 9 cts. per lb. for wool Sheep, and 5 to 6 cts. for sheared. 650 Hogs were disposed of at $6 50 to $7 75 per cwt. net. At Henry Glass' Union Drove Yard, the sale of 2368 Hogs netted from $6¼ to $8 per cwt.

NEW YORK, May 19.—The supply of beef cattle was small this week, and with an active demand from the city dealers, the market ruled firmer, and prices were higher than last week, higher, in fact, than ever before. A large proportion of the cattle sold at 11¼ a 12¼ cents, and scarcely any went below 11—even of the coarsest on sale. The whole range was as quoted above. The market was scarcely so buoyant to-day as it was on Monday, but prices remained substantially the same. The Butchers' Convention, which is to be held on to-morrow, may result in forcing down prices, by the adoption of resolutions looking to direct dealing between the butchers and farmers. Such at least is the general belief. 800 to 1000 head were detained, but will arrive to-morrow or next day. Milch cows are more active, now that there is plenty of pasturage, but as the supply is ample, prices remain without essential change. Veals were tolerably active, especially for prime. Sheep and Lambs are rather dull and heavy.

BALTIMORE, May 21.—Beef Cattle—Of the offerings 150 head were taken by the Washington butchers, and 210 were purchased by Baltimore butchers at prices ranging from $4 75 to $6 75 per 100 lbs for fair to prime cattle. The Government contract for 4000 head of beef cattle was awarded on the 20th inst. by the United States Commissary for this department at $5 80 gross, to J. J. Bankard of this city. Sheep—Sales of wool Sheep from $8 00 to $10 00, and sheared from $5 00 to $6 50 per 100 lbs. gross. Hogs—Sales were made of fair to prime live hogs at $6 00 a $7 50 per 100 lbs. net.

CAMBRIDGE, May 20.—At market 300 Beeves. Market Beef—Extra, $9¾ a 10; first quality, $8¾ a 9; second quality, $7¾ a 8; third quality, $6. Sheep and Lambs—2010 at market. Prices in lots $4 a 4½; extra, $6 a $9, or from 5 a 6½c. per lb. Spring Lambs from $5 a $6¼.

BRIGHTON (near Boston,) May 21.—At market, 540 Beef Cattle, 2060 Sheep and Lambs, and 1100 Swine. Beef Cattle—Prices, extra $10; first quality, $9¼; second quality, $8 a $9; third quality $5¾ a $6. Sheep and Lambs—$3 a $4; extra do., $5 a $6.

and o...

COTT... sales of ... fine South Amer... prize cargo sold by ... closing at 53 a 55c. for Midd...

FEATHERS are dull at 47 a 48c.

FISH—We quote at $15 $10 and $6¾ for ... numbers of shore, and $12½ $10½ and $5½ a 6½ Bay 1s, 2s and 3s. New Pickled Herring are scarce and wanted at $2¾ a 3 per bbl., with sales of 400 bbls at the former rate, and 3000 boxes smoked at 30 for scaled and 25c for No. 1. Nothing doing in Codfish, and little or no demand for them at this season.

FRUIT—Oranges and Lemons are in good demand at full prices. Green Apples sell at $3 a 4 00 per bbl. Dried do. at 5 a 5½c., and Peaches at 8 a 8½c for unpared quarters and halves.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market has been unsettled; sales comprise 7,000 bbls. at $5 75 a 6¼ for common and good superfine; $6 25 a 6 75 for extras; $6 50 a 7 50 for low grades and good family, and high grade fancies at $8 50 a 9 per bbl, as in quality. Rye Flour is selling at $5 00 per bbl. Corn Meal is dull at $4 25 per bbl. and Brandywine is worth $4 37.

GRAIN—Sales of Wheat reach about 20,000 bushels, good and choice Penna. reds, at $1 67 a 1 60, in store, and white at $1 70 a 1 85. Rye is scarce at $1 12. CORN—sales of some 20,000 bush. new yellow at 85c, in store and afloat, white 91 a 92c. Oats—20,000 bushels good Pennsylvania sold at equal to 72 a 73c for 32 lbs. Barley has been selling at $1 25 a 1 30.

GINSENG—The market for crude is firm at 90 cents per pound, and little or none offering.

GUANO—Super Phos. is quoted at $45 per ton; Peruvian, at $95; Pacific Ocean, at $55, and Sombrero at $40.

HAY—Good Timothy is worth 90c. a $1 10 the 100 pounds.

HEMP—Last sales at $1 80 per ton for Western.

HOPS command from 18 to 24c for 1st sort Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market continues very inactive, and the demand for Pig metal limited at previous quotations, but makers generally are sold up and not disposed to accept less than $32 a 36 for the three numbers of Anthracite. Scotch Pig is selling in a small way only at $39 a 40 per ton. In manufactured there is no change, but orders are not so plenty.

LEAD is quiet; Galena is offered at $9 00 per 100 lbs.

LUMBER—Sales of Yellow Sap Boards at $21 a 22 per M.; White Pine at $22 a 24, and White Pine Shingles at $18 a 24. Hemlock boards $12 a 13 per M., and Scantling $10 a 11 per M., and Laths at $1 25 a 1 50 per M.

MOLASSES—There is more activity in the market, and prices are well maintained, and 600 bbls. New Orleans, mostly by auction, at 40 a 44c cash.

NAVAL STORES—Sales of Spirits Turpentine at $3 37 per gallon. Rosin, is selling at $25 a 30 for common and No. 1; and Tar at $6 a 7 for Penna. and $10 for North Carolina.

OILS—Lard Oil is selling at 83 a 90c. Linseed Oil at $1 40 a 1 45. Petroleum is active and on the advance; crude sold at about 25 a 29c, refined at 40 a 44c, in bond and 50 a 56c. free.

PLASTER—Soft, commands $5 a 5 25 per ton.

PROVISIONS—About 2,000 bbls. have been taken at $12½ for old mess Pork; $14¾ a 15 for new do.; $15¾ a 16 for prime mess, and $12½ a 15 for western and city mess Beef. 300 bbls. Beef Hams sold at $17 a 17½ per bbl, mostly at the latter rate. Bacon—bagged hams steady at 10 a 12c. Nothing doing in shoulders and sides. Of Green Meats sales to some extent are reported at 6¾ a 7c for hams, in salt; 6½ a 9½c. for do., in pickle, and 5 a 5½c. for shoulders, in salt. Sides are nominal. Lard is quiet, but rather firmer at the close. Holders ask 10¾ a 10¾c. for bbls and tcs., and 12c for kegs, with moderate sales. Butter is dull and neglected, and quoted at 13 a 16c. Cheese steady at 10 a 12c. per lb., and Eggs rather better, with sales at 14 a 15c per dozen.

RICE—Sales of East India at 8¼ a 8½c per lb.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is selling at $5 25 a 5 75 per bushel. Timothy is quiet at $1 50 a 2 00, and Flaxseed at $3 25 a $3 50 per bushel.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is quoted at 65 a 67c. Whisky is firm, bbls at 44½ a 45½c; drudge at 44c.

SUGAR—Sales of about 450 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 10¾ a 11½c., on time.

TALLOW—Sales of city at 11¾ cents, and country at 11c per lb.

TOBACCO—There is very little demand for leaf or manufactured, and prices are unsettled.

WOOL—Prices range at from 80 to 83c for common to fine fleece.

FREIGHTS to Liverpool are rather firmer; the going rates are 2s 6d. a 2s 9d. for flour; 8 a 9d. for grain, and 25s. a 27s 6d. for heavy goods, and rather more offering. To West Indies rates are unchanged and business moderate at 52 a 55c on sugar home from Cuba, and 75c per bbl for flour out to windward. Boston freights steady. Colliers continue in good demand at $9¾ to Aspinwall and New Orleans, $6¾ to Key West; $8 to Pensacola; $4¼ to Port Royal; $4 to Newbern; $2 to Fortress Monroe; $2 to Boston; $2 to Providence, and $1 40 a 1 50 per ton to New York.

To Consumptives.

The Rev. Edward A. Wilson continues to mail (free of charge) to all who desire it, a copy of the Prescription by which he was completely cured of that dire disease, Consumption. Sufferers with any Throat or Lung Affection, should obtain the Prescription, and try its efficacy at once. Delays are dangerous. Address

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
Williamsburgh, Kings County, N. Y.

MARRIED.

On the 21st of May, 1863, by the Rev. E. J. D. Pepper, Mr. HENRY A. ROWAN to Miss FANNY D. GOODALL, both of Philadelphia.

By the Revd. William Cooper, D. D., Mr. JOHN MULLINEAUX to Miss REBECCA KNOWLES, all of Manayunk, Philada.

May 20th, by the Rev. T. S. Johnston, Mr. GEORGE LAFFERTY, to Miss MAGGIE J., eldest daughter of the late Thomas Wilson, all of this city.

On the 21st of April, 1863, at the house of Mr. James Hogg, Frankford road, by Rev. Wm. O. Johnstone, Mr. JOHN HOGG to Miss ELIZA HAYES.

On Monday, 18th inst., at St. Philip Neri's Church, by the Rev. Father Cantwell, Mr. DANIEL McCARTHY to Miss JOHANNA HARRINGTON, both of this city.

On Tuesday last, the 19th inst., by Rev. A. Marship, Mr. WM. H. SUNDEL to Miss SARAH M. BIGGARD, both of Philada.

LEWARS—RAMSON.—On Tuesday, the 23d of December, 1862, at the parsonage of the Twelfth Street M. E. Church, by the Rev. S. W. Thomas, J. HENRY LEWARS, U. S. N., to Miss LIZZIE M. RAMSON, of Germantown.

PRICE—FAUNCE.—On the 17th inst., by the Rev. George W. Cox, at his residence, 414 Gerker street, Mr. JOHN C. PRICE and Miss ELIZABETH FAUNCE, all of this city.

PRESTON—FIRTH.—On the 20th inst., by Rev. W. T. Eva, JOSEPH PRESTON, Esq., and ELIZABETH FIRTH, all of this city.

STEFFANE—MEOUTCHEON.—By Rev. W. T. Eva, on the 21st inst., Mr. AUGUSTUS W. STEFFANE and Miss MAGGIE F. MECUTCHEON, all of this city.

DENGLER—ROBBINS.—May 21st, by Rev. A. W. Milby, Mr. DANIEL S. DENGLER to Miss ELIZA W. ROBBINS, both of this city.

DIED.

BALES.—Killed, while fighting nobly for his country, at the battle of Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863, CHARLES BALES, in the 22d year of his age, Company F, 95th Regiment, Pennsylvania Zouaves. He was loved by all who knew him, so noble and brave he died.

BENDERE.—Killed at Chancellorsville, Va., in the battle of May 3d, Adjutant EDWARD C. BENDERE, son of Dr. Wm. H. Bendere, of this city, aged 21 years.

BLAKEY.—At his late residence, in Philada., of disease contracted in the army, EDWIN BLAKEY, Quartermaster of 1st New Jersey Regiment of cavalry, in the 34th year of his age.

BOND.—Of wounds received at the battle of Chancellorsville, May 3, VANLEER E BOND, son of Joseph Bond, Sr., in the 19th year of his age, of Co. I, 114th Regiment P. V.

BRYAN.—Killed, while nobly fighting for his country, at the battle of Chancellorsville, May 3d, JAMES BRYAN, son of the late Benjamin and Ellen Bryan, in the 21st year of his age, Co. I, 114th Regiment, Collis' Zouaves, P. V.

DELAP.—On the 9th instant, of wounds received at the late battle of Chancellorsville, Va., while storming the heights, Captain JOHN H. DELAP, of the 82d Reg't P. V., Sixth Army Corps, aged 35 years.

EWIN.—From disease contracted in camp, in Virginia, on the 15th of December, 1862, THEODORE S EWIN, of typhoid fever, Company D, 119th Regiment Pennsylvania Reserves, in the 22d year of his age. *57

HILL.—Suddenly, on Wednesday, the 20th instant, Mr. HENRY HILL, in the 58th year of his age.

KIRBY.—On the morning of the 21st instant, SUSANNAH, wife of James B Kirby.

LANCASTER.—On the 20th instant, at the Howard Hospital, Washington, JOHN LANCASTER, son of Richard Lancaster, in the 20th year of his age. He was a member of Company C, 82d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers and was wounded while gallantly making a charge on the enemy's works at Fredericksburg.

McADAM.—On the 21st instant, BERNARD McADAM, in the 75th year of his age.

NEWELL.—On the 20th inst., Mr. SIMON NEWALL, in the 86th year of his age.

REED.—On the 22d inst., BERNARD REED, stone mason, aged 68 years.

RICE.—On the 21st instant, GEORGE W. RICE, in the 44th year of his age.

SLOAN.—On the 21st inst., MARY W., wife of A. J. Sloan.

TYLER.—Suddenly, on the 22d inst., GEO. W. TYLER, in the 38th year of his age, of the 88th Reg't, P. V., Co. G, Colonel McLean.

WALLACE.—On the 21st inst. after lingering illness, Mr. SAMUEL HENRY WALLACE, in the 46th year of his age.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MOUSTACHES?—My Onguent (established in 1862) will produce them in six weeks' time, and won't stain or injure the skin. Price $1. Sent by mail, postage free, anywhere. R. G. GRAHAM,
m27-1t*595 109 Nassau street, New York.

HAVE YOU A COUGH, Cold, Pain in the Chest, or Bronchitis? In fact, have you the premonitory symptoms of the "insatiate archer" Consumption? Know that relief is at hand in WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

Buy none unless it has the *written* signature of "I. Butts" on the wrapper. m 27-1t$

$75 A MONTH!—I want to hire AGENTS in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machines. Address, [m 13-12t$] S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

$60 PER MONTH!—We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils Oriental Burners* and 13 other articles. 15 circulars free. m13-3m$ SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

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...est.
...hus you see,
...ght were made for ME!
Vernal gales to love invite me;
Summer sheds for me her beams;
Autumn's jovial scenes delight me;
Winter pales with ice my streams;
All the year is mine you, you see;
Seasons change, like moons, for ME!

"On the heads of giant mountains,
Or beneath the shady trees,
By the banks of warbling fountains,
I enjoy myself at ease;
Hills and valleys, thus you see,
Groves and rivers made for ME.

"Boundless are my vast dominions—
I can hop, or swim or fly;
When I please, my towering pinions
Trace my empire through the sky:
Air and elements, you see,
Heaven and earth, were made for ME!

"Birds and insects, beasts and fishes,
All their humble distance keep;
Man, subservient to my wishes,
Sows the harvest which I reap:
Mighty man himself, you see,
All that breathes were made for ME.

"'Twas for my accommodation
Nature rose when I was born;
Should I die—the whole creation
Back to nothing would return:
Sun, moon and stars, the world, you see,
Spring—exist—will fall with ME!"

Here the pretty prattler, ending,
Spread his wings to soar away;
But a cruel Hawk descending,
Pounced him up—an helpless prey.
Couldst thou not, poor Wagtail, see
That the Hawk was made for THEE?

THE FARMER.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.

SUNDRY SUGGESTIONS.

LARGE TOBACCO AND WHEAT CROPS.—WHEAT AFTER TOBACCO.—As probably not a few of the readers of the "Newspaper" will engage, to a greater or less extent, in the growing of tobacco during the present season, and as all who manage the cultivation of this crop in a proper manner will have the ground very highly manured, we have thought that the following items of information, derived from the Albany Cultivator, may be to such readers at once interesting and profitable. A New England correspondent of that journal says that the farmers in that region, (not yet left out of the Union!) sold their crops of last year at from 15 to 17 cents per pound, and were realizing, in some instances, more than $200 per acre. He further states that fine crops of winter wheat follow tobacco, as the land is usually heavily manured, and the crop harvested in sufficient season to get the wheat in early enough, some farmers realizing more than 40 bushels per acre. We could not, with a good conscience, say anything that would directly encourage either the growth or the consumption of this nasty weed—can any one guess what it was created for?—but inasmuch as it is certain that it will be more extensively grown this year than ever before, we wish to aid in having our crops of wheat benefitted thereby. Our wheat crops, and our *surplus* wheat, which has for two years past served so effectually to prevent the carrying out of intervention projects and interference in our affairs by the ruling and aristocratic classes in England, will be smaller this year, and probably still smaller the next year, in consequence of the scarcity of farm laborers, and if those who raise tobacco will put their land *so used* or *misused*, to wheat, and raise larger crops than usual, and help to give the country a full supply for home use, and if possible a considerable surplus, the purpose of the writer of this item will be answered. Lest the large sum named as realized from an acre of tobacco should prove a deceptive temptation and snare to some, they should be reminded that the cost and labor of growing an acre of tobacco is *very large*, and when taken from the $200 might leave but a fragmentary portion of it for *profit*.

HIRED HELP ON A FARM.—A writer in the "Genesee Farmer" presents a suggestion which may be of service to some of the readers of the "Newspaper" in these times when wages are so exceedingly high. He says that it will not do to be over easy with hired help in such times; but as there are also some in every neighborhood who never were known as over-easy with their hired help, and who are, of course, in no danger of falling into this mistake now, they are not at all in need of any suggestions or cautions in regard to this matter, and may, of course, pass over what follows as something which does not concern them; but only those easy fellows who get the name of being nice men to work for. The writer referred to, says, "When I hear it said of a farmer, 'he is a nice man to work for,' I conclude that he is rather too easy with his men in some respects. For instance, hands who have no interest in the result of their labors, beyond receiving their wages, can, and often do fritter away a great deal of valuable time in useless conversation. One begins a yarn, and the rest have to stop and listen, then work a little, and stop again to get the hang of the story; and the day passes, and only about three-quarters of a fair day's work is done by each man. Now if the farmer who employs these men allows such a waste of time, he is called a nice man to work for; but he pays very dear for the empty honor of such a name. A little sternness and determination on the part of the employer is not amiss. When you hire a man, let him understand at first that his labor and time belong to you. Such an understanding at the commencement of an engagement, will be likely to save a good deal of disagreeable feeling afterwards. And it is not so difficult or delicate a business to give any young man of any decency a hint of this kind, as might be supposed. It need not be at all a difficult matter to say that if you yourself were selling your time and labor to any one, you would understand that you were engaging to work for him as faithfully as if you were partner with him, or one of the family. And any young man of decency would assent at once to the proposition that, in order to have their engagement a pleasant one, the hired help must show that he takes some interest in his employer's welfare.

BEANS AS A FIELD CROP.—As the readers of the "Dollar Newspaper" have not had any article on this crop in the current volume, with the exception of one brief one in the first No., and as that is far from being a complete directory for those unacquainted with bean culture, besides containing two statements which might mislead, we have thought that it might be of use to make a few additions to the information and directions furnished in that article. There are several good directions in said article, but it is not true, certainly, "that the better the land the better the crop," as we, as well as many others, have found that, on a rich loamy spot, or where fresh manure has been freely used, beans almost always run to vines, and do not ripen the seed. We have always had the best and most saleable crop on light soils; and have seen a crop of nice plump beans almost entirely ruined, for marketing at least, by the pods lying on a clay soil. The beans were stained so as to be unsaleable. For these two reasons we have thought the statement quoted above to be not quite correct, and quite likely to mislead some one. And for similar reasons we doubt the safety and propriety of directing that beans, after being pulled, should be laid in rows upon the ground, and allowed to lay until they fully ripen. The objection to this is that they would dry out and get ready for threshing very slowly, except in quite dry weather, and that they would be liable to be stained by contact with the soil, as almost all soils will stain them some in very wet weather. As few directions are needed for the cultivation of this crop, and all that are really needed may be found in Allen's American Farm Book, and other books of reference, which are, or should be, in the possession of every farmer, there seems to be no occasion for occupying space with such in these columns. But as beans are by no means either raised or fed out on the farm to as large an extent as they seem to us to deserve to be, it seems that many might be benefited by a statement of some of the advantages of raising and feeding out this crop. First of all, then, a fair crop of beans is usually as profitable as any other crop that could be produced on the same land, and at prices lately prevailing, much more so than other crops. Secondly, a crop of beans is a most excellent fallow crop to prepare land for wheat, rye, winter barley, or any autumn crop. We prefer this crop to a bare summer fallow, and have put land intended for wheat into beans, even when the crop of beans was not, for any other reason, much of an object. Beans are among that class of plants which draw lightly upon the soil, and planted either in hills or drills, admit of nice clean culture. Thirdly, they furnish most nutritious food, both for man and beast, and add greatly to the fertility of a farm by the richness of the manure made from feeding them. When mixed with corn or other grain, and ground, the meal is readily eaten by cattle, hogs and horses; and cows do better on it than on any other provender.

...n for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE ROOT CROPS.

...dvantage of raising root crops for ...eeding stock does not seem to be un... nor appreciated by our Northern farm... hey are really important and profitable ...se, as I have found by experience, and ...to convince the readers of the "Dollar ...spaper." The following are among the ...ons I have to offer. 1st. There can be ...ny times the amount of feed produced from ...acre that there can of hay, which is a very ...portant consideration when the hay crop ...rtially fails, or when one has not sufficient meadow to produce hay enough to keep what stock he wishes. 2d. They furnish a greater variety of food, and tend to preserve the health of stock. 3d. They can be depended on in dry seasons when other crops are much injured by drought, as they grow late in autumn, long after crops cease to grow.

The turnip crop in England is one of the most extensive and important among the agricultural products. A modern writer on agriculture says, "Fields of hundreds of acres are sometimes seen, and enclosures of fifteen or twenty acres are common." Here they are cultivated to a much more limited extent; but they might be as profitable here as in England. In the Western States, where corn can be grown for fifteen or twenty cents a bushel, it probably would not pay to raise roots for feeding purposes. But here at the North, where corn is from eighty cents to one dollar a bushel, oats from thirty to fifty cents, and hay from eight to twelve dollars per ton, farmers would generally find it for their interest to raise a greater amount of roots. Besides the nutritive value that roots afford for food for stock, it is generally admitted that the condition of animals is greatly improved by daily feeding, each a few quarts of succulent food, with dry hay or straw. They are excellent for milch cows in winter and spring. And for horses, a bushel of carrots and a bushel of oats are considered equivalent to two bushels of the latter. Sheep will also thrive on them if fed daily, or even but two or three times a week. The mode of cultivating the turnip is simple. It will thrive best in a rich sandy loam; the seeds being sown broadcast, or in drills two feet apart, and thinned out to six or eight inches apart. But sowing in drills with a seed sower, and cultivating with cultivator and hoe, is the better way; and many hundred bushels may be raised per acre, varying from 500 to 1500, according to the fertility of the land, and manner of cultivating. The English turnip is, perhaps, the best for field cultivation, and should be sown about the 1st of June, but may be sown considerably later with success. The tops are quite valuable to feed cows late in the fall when grass is short.

The carrot is also a valuable field crop, and fully as worthy of cultivation as the turnip. Five hundred bushels may easily be raised on an acre of good land, and in some instances, over a 1000 bushels have been raised per acre. Sandy or light loamy soil, well manured, is best adapted to the carrot. The ground should be deeply worked, and the seed sowed in drills eighteen inches apart, and the plants thinned to at least six inches apart in the drills. Sow from 15th of May to 1st of June.

The parsnip is nearly equal to the carrot in value, and large crops may be raised on deep rich soil well pulverized. It may remain in the ground till spring, and dug and fed to cattle between hay and grass.

Granville, Washington Co., N. Y., 1863.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

BEES, HOW TO HIVE THEM.

As the season of swarming is drawing near, I will endeavor to give young bee keepers some instructions about hiving them. If there are no small trees near for your bees to light on when they swarm, it will be best to place something by them. If it is a wintry day when they swarm, they will not light on a limb that can be cut off, but on the body of the tree, or on a large limb that the wind will not disturb; and sometimes on a stump, or in the corner of a fence. As soon as the bees begin to light, place a table near them if convenient to get one, and have it in the shade if you can. If you spread a cloth on the table, there will not be as many bees killed as on a bare board. Place your hive on the table with blocks under it to keep it up half an inch or more, to give the bees room to go in. If the swarm settle on a small limb that can be cut off without injury to the tree, it will not be much trouble to hive your bees; but you must work carefully in cutting the limb and removing the bees to the hive, and not shake them off before you you lay them down. If they do not take to the hive readily, shake them a little, or push them gently with a wing or small bush, and, if everything is right, they will soon go into the hive.

If your swarm should light on the body of a tree, take a tin pan and, with a wing, scrape a few carefully into it and pour them down by the hive. Repeat the operation until you get them all from the tree. If your hive is sweet they will go in it readily; if it is not, they may go in, but will not stay long. Hives that are not perfectly clean, should be sprinkled with salt and water, or rubbed with walnut or apple tree leaves and salt water. As soon as the bees get still, or nearly so, and before they go to work they should be removed to where they are to remain through the season. Half an hour is generally long enough to hive a swarm of bees, and remove them under shelter. If they like their hive and have a queen, they will go to work before they all get in the hive, and if left out until night, and then carried in very careful, they will not know they have been moved, and a great many of them, when they fly out, will not mark their way back, and will not be able to find their home again. There are different opinions about the old queen remaining in the hive when the new colony go out. Reason and common sense would lead us to suppose the young queen would go out with the new colony, but observations seem to teach otherwise. You never hear the queen sing before the first swarm of the season leave the hive, but can always hear it a day or two before the second or third are ready to go out. The reason of this may be that the old queen goes with the first swarm, before the young queens are out of their cells. Another thing in proof of this theory is, that the first swarms seldom if ever lose their queen; but it is a very common thing for second swarms to start out before the queen is able to fly, and that is the cause of so many swarms going back into the old hive. Swarms that have a queen with them will never go back to the old hive. If they don't like their hive, or it stands in too hot a place, they will soon leave it and go somewhere else, but will frequenly light and give you a chance to put them in a better hive, or place them in the shade. I always look on the ground in front of the hive when my bees swarm, to see if I can find a queen, and, if I find one, I put it with the swarm after they begin to light. A. N.

Wayne County, Pa., 1863.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.

SUBSTITUTES FOR TEA.

I propose in this article to recommend a few plants as a substitute for the boughten or China tea, now so universally used as a beverage. We will first name

SASSAFRAS (*Laurus Sassafras*).—Sassafras is one of the best substitutes for the imported teas. Wash the roots, remove the rough outer bark from them, then cut the inner bark off the wood. Dry this bark, and it will turn a nice red color, and lose any roughness of taste it might have. Prepared in this way, it will keep good for years. To prepare the tea, proceed as in preparing the boughten tea; care being taken not to get the tea too strong. A little experience, and you can soon determine the proportion.

SAGE (*Salvia officinalis*).—The common garden sage makes an excellent tea, if not prepared too strong. Sage is the greatest restorative to human nature of any herb that grows.

PEPPERMINT (*Mentha piperita*).—Occasionally found growing wild along fences and brooks, it is largely cultivated for the sake of its volatile oil.

SPEARMINT (*Mentha viridis*).—It also grows wild in low grounds in parts of the country which have been long settled.

WILD MINT.—This grows on low ground, from one to two feet high, with two leaves at each joint, and branches above each leaf, which are short near the bottom, but longer towards the top, until the branches disappear, and small burs, which encircle the stalk, occupy their place. The stalk is square and furry; the joints from one to two inches apart at the bottom, but shorter all the way up. Mints make a clear skin, and are always healthy.

Tea prepared from the above-named substances, is not only a pleasant and delicious beverage, but it also purifies the blood and fluids of the body, and may be used with impunity by every person, without fear of injury. The leaves should be gathered in very dry weather, and dried in the shade, and, after being dried, kept in a clean dry place. Try the above, and my word for it your health will be the better after using them a short time; they will have the merit, at all events, of being a pure article, which is more than can be said of a great deal of the stuff now sold under the name of tea. PERSCRUTATIO.

Durham Township, 1863.

Another correspondent says:

As "economy is wealth," particularly these hard times, any hints which may be given in regard to it will, of course, be acceptable. Tea and coffee are unnecessary beverages, but as people have become so accustomed to their use, they think they cannot do without them, and consequently will have them, or a substitute, if they can possibly procure them. Wheat, rye, peas, bread, dandelion roots, carrots and beets make excellent substitutes for coffee, particularly the latter. Cut the roots fine and dry them in the sun, or near the fire, and then burn them on the stove or in an oven until they are a dark brown, but not black. Make coffee with them as in the ordinary way. Raspberry leaves gathered in the fall, spearmint and sage leaves are good substitutes for tea. It is also said that young currant leaves dried on a tin can hardly be distinguished from green tea. These things are not only cheap and easily procured, but form a pleasant drink, and are, besides, much more healthy than ordinary tea and coffee, which is an important consideration for those who have a regard for their health. Let all who read this try them, and see if they are not better off, both physically and pecuniarily, for so doing. PROGRESS.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

SOWING CLOVER AMONG OATS.

Sowing clover seed with oats or barley, to plow under in the fall as a manure, should be more extensively practiced by our farmers. Clover seed sown among our crops, would return more fertilizing vegetable matter to the soil, for the trouble and expense, than any other substance that can be used as a manure. When clover seed can be bought for $5 or $6 per bushel, we can afford to sow four or five quarts per acre with oats or barley; and harrowed in with the same, it will scarcely ever fail to grow well. In ordinary seasons of rain and sunshine from the 1st of April to the 1st of September clover will probably yield of tops and roots from six to eight tons per acre, for an outlay of perhaps $1 per acre in seed and sowing, and this crop of clover, if plowed in in September and the ground sowed with wheat, will probably yield a ten-fold profit in wheat and enrichment of land, besides the gaound will be will set with clover the ensuing harvest. Oats is considered an exhausting crop, but if cultivated with the clover, according to the above rule, instead of the land being exhausted, it will be improved. If not cultivated with clover, my theory is, after the crop of oats is taken off, the stubble, in hot, dry weather, if left unplowed for a time, is more exhausting, through some atmospheric agency, than the extract made by the growing of the crop of oats. Clover, if growing among oats, after the oats is harvested, will present a green color, which will be less powerfully acted upon by the hot sun, and will retain the morning dew, and in a great measure prevent the exhausting effects generally attributed to the growth of a crop of oats. T. C.

Champaign County, O., 1865.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

GRAIN DRILLS.

In the number of May 6th, "S. W." speaks of the grain drill being an invaluable implement. "S. W." says it requires more labor to sow grain with a drill than to sow broadcast, with the exception of harrowing. Previous to drilling it takes no more plowing in our section than either plowing in or harrowing in. And when you sow with a drill, you know exactly how much you are sowing to the acre, and broadcast you do not. And one bushel and a peck sown by the drill is equal to one bushel and a half sown broadcast; all that the drill puts in grows, and a great amount that is sown broadcast remains on the surface and never grows. And one other advantage the drill has—as far as you drill, it is finished; if you are stopped by a rain, that far it is completed. And still another greater advantage the drill has over broadcast, is in sowing in time of a drought. I have seen and have sown grain when the ground was very dry, and it came up after drill well, and the broadcast sown and sowed at the same time did not come up for weeks, and when it did come up, was very thin. Why was this? Because the drill puts the grain down to the moist ground, and broadcast puts it on the top of the ground, when the ground is dry in time of a long drought. It malts and does not come up at all. I have seen crops missed for that reason. The drill is a useful implement. Every farmer should have one. I am in favor of the drill, and would not be without one. PLOWBOY.

Sinking Valley, Blair Co., Pa.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

SAW DUST.

Will some one who has had experience in using saw dust around fruit trees, &c., inform the readers of this paper what the effect of it has been?

I have used it for the past year around many valuable pear, plum and cherry trees, and, as yet, do not see any ill effect from it, even though many of my very wise neighbors are wonderstruck at my foolishness, and predict a speedy ruin of my trees, and of the land also for many years after.

I have applied it to grape vines, currant, gooseberry, and rasberry bushes, for the purpose of keeping down weeds and grass, keeping the ground moist, and preventing freezing in the winter, and for all of these uses I find it all that can be desired; and as I am living within speaking distance of a steam saw mill, where thousands of loads of dust are to be had for the hauling' some *positive* information on this subject will benefit me much, and I doubt not many other readers of this paper. The dust that I am using is pine. F. N. B.

Wisconsin, May 12th, 1863.

THE COMPOSITION OF MILK.

Milk has been so often analyzed that it would seem no further facts could be elicited in regard to this important liquid. Professor Boedecker, however, has just completed a series of experiments conducted on quite a new principle. The question he proposed to himself was, whether milk obtained at any hour of the day always presented the same chemical composition or not; and he has arrived at the result that the milk of the evening is richer by 3 per cent. than that of the morning; the latter containing 10 per cent. of solid matter, and the former 13 per cent. On the other hand, the water contained in milk diminishes by 3 per cent. in the course of the day; in the morning it contains 89 per cent. of water, and only 86 per cent. in the evening. The fatty particles increase gradually as the day wears on. In the morning they amount to 2.17 per cent.; at noon to 2.63; and in the evening to 4.32 per cent. This circumstance, if true, would be very important in a practical point of view. Let us suppose a kilogramme of milk to yield only the sixth part of its weight of butter, then the milk of the evening may yield double that quantity. The caseous particles are also more abundant in the evening than in the morning; from 2.24 they increase to 2.70 per cent.; but the quantity of albumen diminishes from 0.44 to 0.31. The serum is less abundant at midnight than at noon—being 4.19 per cent. in the former case, and 5.72 in the latter.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

RECIPES.

TO PUT UP FRUIT FOR WINTER.—After experimenting with cans, which I found expensive and troublesome, I now use half gallon stone jugs for tomatoes, cherries, dewberries and currants. Peel, stone or stem the fruit; heat it in a preserving skillet until just hot all through; then fill the jugs; put in long, tight corks; tie the corks down tightly with twine; set the jug in a pot of hot water and boil for two or more hours. Let the water cool before taking the jugs out, and seal over the corks with a mixture of rosin, beeswax and venetian red. Some years before the can came into use, a lady who had spent some time on the Island of Burmuda, told me that they put up tomatoes in black glass bottles in this way. I commenced on the bottles, but, having a very large family, found that jugs suited me better.

MRS. WM. W. P.

P. S.—In talking with two chemists about my method, they thought there was no advantage in boiling the jugs after they were corked. I tried one jug without, and it spoiled by fermenting in a few days.

TO KEEP BUGS FROM CUCUMBER VINES.—The remedy is simply this: When the plants are an inch or two high, sprinkle them well with soot—the common soot that is beaten out of stove-pipes. I generally select a dewy morning, and, with soot in hand, sprinkle the ground plentifully for a foot or more outside of the hill, and all over the plants; there is nothing noxious in the soot to the plants. I can vouch for the efficacy of this treatment, having tested it. R. W. W.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

TO RAISE CELERY.—The seed should be sown as early in the spring as possible. The bed in which they are sown should be shaded with a little brush, so as to break the heat of the sun. The seed ought to be sown very shallow, and the bed should be wet every day or two, so as to keep the surface of the bed moist. The plants may be transplanted in July or August. It is common in this section to dig a trench about two feet deep, and one or two feet wide, and then to fill the trench up about four inches with good manure, that from the pig-pen is best, and to fill up four or five inches more with dirt; some mix the manure and dirt together. Set the plants six inches apart, one row of plants in each trench, one foot wide; hill up around the plants in October, so as to blanch it, being careful not to bury the centre of the plant. As a matter of course the plants are to be kept free from weeds during their growth, and the soil should be kept mellow. The celery may be kept through the winter by covering the trenches with boards, so as to shed the water, and covering the boards with cornstalks. I. J. B.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRY.

TOBACCO.—*Upper Pittsgrove, Salem County, N. J.*—As tobacco, like almost everything else, has risen to an enormous price, far beyond the reach of many who would still like to enjoy the pleasure it affords, I think it would be well for the farmers to devote a little of their time and attention to its culture. And I would like to inquire through the columns of the "Dollar Newspaper" the manner of raising it—the kind of ground most suitable for its growth—the time for planting—what distance it should be planted apart, and how it should be cured after it is gathered, &c.? J. A. L.

SONG OF NEW ENGLAND SPRING BIRDS.

When Robin, Swallow, Thrush and Wren,
From "way down South" has come again,
I roamed through field and wood to see
If birds, like men, could "rebels" be;
I wondered if their tiny throats
Would circulate secession "notes;"
I think, may be, my thoughts they knew,
So what they sang, I'll sing to you.

First, rising from a sedgy brook,
The stump bold Bob-o'Lincoln took;
"Well now, I guess I'm glad," said he,
For my free speech a stump to see;
They couldn't hold me in the mesh
Of that strange net they call "Secesh:"
To keep me down they needn't think on—
Hurrah! for Bob-and-Abram Lincoln!"

The Robin Red-breast sang his song;
"Ah me! I've seen such fearful wrong!
I thought at first the storm would clear up,
But soon I had no heart to 'chirrup!'
The 'Sunny South' is fine I know,
When Northern hills are white with snow;
But oh, tis full of grief and pain!
Cheer up! chirrup! I'm home again."

The Wren piped forth her tiny cry:
"A little thing, I know am I:—
But small, weak things, like you and me,
My sister Sparrow, love the free!"
The Sparrow heard the lowly call,
And said, "who heeds the sparrow's fall,
And keeps them always in his sight,
Shall hear ME sing, 'God speed the Right!'"

Then Jay, the blue-bird, joined the throng,
And bade the white Dove fly along;
And Oriole, with throat of red—
And then, exultingly, he said—
"Come, loyal birds, and as we stand,
Behold the colors of our Land:
Let every bird that's brave and true,
Sing, cheer the Red, and White and Blue!"

The sky o'er head was blear and bright,
The North wind sang o'er plain and height;
The rill went singing on its way,
And leaves and flowers were bright and gay;
The rock, and wood, and meadow rang,
As loud, and clear, and sweet they sang,
And every bird, it seemed to me,
Sang "Praise the Lord! We're free! we're free!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

A MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE.

While stopping in Florence, at the "Casa del Bello," my companion and guide was James L. Grover, an American painter of some note, whom I had known well in the land of his nativity. It was Sunday evening, and on the following day I was to start for Bologna. Grover and myself sat upon one of the balconies of our chamber, engaged in conversation over our cigars, and after we had talked awhile of the various things we had seen during the day, he asked me if he had ever told me of his adventure upon the Appenines. I told him I had never heard it.

"Then I must tell it to you," he said, throwing away his cigar, and taking a sip of wine. I lighted a fresh cigar, and he related to me as follows:—

"Four years ago this summer, my brother and two sisters visited me here in Florence. They spent two weeks with me, and then started for Venice, by the way of Bologna, where they had friends whom they were anxious to see. I should have gone with them, had I not been engaged upon work which I had promised to have done within a given time; but, as it was, we made the thing work very well, for my brother expected two thousand dollars by the hands of a friend who was shortly expected from Rome, and it was arranged that I should take the money when it came, and bring it with me to Venice, when I got ready to meet them there. My brother left the necessary document for the obtaining of the money, and in due time set out.

"On the very next day I was taken ill, and was confined to my bed a week, but I got out and finished my work just as the friend arrived from Rome with the money. He delivered it into my hands upon the production of my brother's written instructions, and I set the next Monday as the day on which I would start. I was really not fit to undertake such a journey, but I could not miss seeing my sister once more before they returned home. I could have sent the money easy enough, but I promised myself too much pleasure with my dear relatives in Venice to miss it now.

"Monday morning came, and I could not arise from my bed without assistance. A sort of neuralgic affection had seized all my nerves, and I was forced to stay in doors, and to resort to hot baths and medicine. But on the following morning I felt able to start, and I did so. Upon reaching Pistoja I learned that there was no diligence to leave before the next day. I could not stand this. I was already behind my time, and if the thing could be accomplished, I must go on. There was a diligence under the shed, but no one to drive it. 'But can't we hire some one?' I asked. 'If signor will pay,' was the laconic reply. Of course I would pay; and though the sum charged was a pretty round one, yet I did not hesitate. The lumbering vehicle was dragged out; four miserable looking horses were attached, and then a yoke of stout oxen hitched on ahead of them. Two rough looking fellows were provided, one as a *vetturino* (postillion), and the other to drive the oxen. Thus provided, I took my seat, and the diligence started.

"We were to cross the Appenines by the Pass of *La Collina*, and just begun to ascend the rugged mountain path when I heard a loud hallooing behind, and in a moment the diligence stopped.

"'What's the matter?' I asked, poking my head out through the opening by my side.

"'Two men want to ride,' returned the vetturino.

"'But I have hired the diligence, and am in a hurry, so drive on. If they wish to ride they must wait until to-morrow.'

"But the drivers were not to be governed thus.

"'It won't make a bit of difference,' they said. 'We'll go just as fast; and, besides, they'll pay us something.'

"By this time the cause of all the trouble made its appearance in the shape of two dark visaged, black bearded, powerful men, who looked ugly enough for the incarnation of Murder. I recognized one of them as a fellow whom I had seen hanging about the hotel at Florence, and the other I was confident I had caught a glimpse of just as the diligence left the yard at Pistoja.

"I was upon the point of speaking when the thought occurred to me that I had better keep my knowledge of the Italian language to myself. I might find out the character of the fellows thus. I knew very well that further remonstrance would be useless, for the drivers were stupidly hoggish, and the new applicants were clearly not men to be argued with. The door was opened, and the fellows entered. I occupied the back seat, and they took the seat at the other end, fixing themselves so as to face me. They looked at me out of wicked eyes, and as they threw back their short cloaks I saw that they were well armed.

"'Hope we don't trouble you?' said one of them, in coarse Italian, as the diligence started on.

"I gazed inquiringly into his face, but made no reply.

"He repeated the remark.

"'No comprehend, signor,' I said, shaking my head.

"'Ah—English,' he suggested, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"'No- Irish,' I told him.'

"'Ugh!' he grunted, with another shrug of the broad, massive shoulders, and an awful scowl of the face.

"We had now begun to ascend the mountain in good earnest, and our pace was slow and lumbering. The fellow who drove the oxen made noise enough for an army, while the blows upon both oxen and horses fell hard and thick, but without accomplishing anything. Had I been alone I might have enjoyed the magnificent scenery which unfolded itself below us as we crept up the Collina; but as it was, I could not think of anything save the two men who had forced themselves upon me. Pretty soon one of them spoke, and though I appeared not to notice them, yet I could see that they were watching me closely.

"'Death and destruction!' he uttered, in his own tongue, 'we shall be over the precipice if that drunken driver is not careful!'

"I read the fellow's purpose in a moment, and not a movement betrayed my understanding of what he had said. My eyes were half closed, and to all appearance I was unconscious even of their presence.

"'He's right. He don't understand us,' said one of them.

"'All safe,' returned the other.

"After this they conversed together quite freely, and I was not long in having my worst fears realized. But not a change could they detect in my countenance. I kept my knowledge as secret as the very grave, and all my feeling was within me. After awhile they became satisfied that I knew nothing of their language, and they became more bold in their speech, and talked their plan all over; and from them I learned the following highly interesting particulars:

"The one whom I had seen in Florence had by some means learned that I was to carry quite a large sum of money with me across the mountains, and he had come on to Pistoja, where his confederate was, to await my arrival, intending to rob me there, if possible. But when they found that I was to go alone in the diligence, they had a better plan. They would rob me on the mountain. The two drivers were friends of theirs, and were to be paid liberally for allowing themselves to be overcome. The villains talked about cutting my throat, shooting me through the head, or plunging a knife to my heart, and then throwing me over the precipice, as coolly as though they had been planning the death of a fowl for dinner! The place where they were to murder me was about a mile distant, where the road wound round a high crag, with an almost perpendicular wall of rock upon one hand and a deep chasm on the other.

"This was an interesting position sure enough. I was weak—weak at best—but doubly weak now with my illness—and the only weapon I had was a single pistol. Either of the brigands could have thrown me over his head with ease, and as for fighting with him that was out of the question. What could I do? Both the drivers were in league with them. If I leaped from the diligence, I should die on the spot where I landed. If I shot one of the bandits the other would annihilate me in a moment. I had the gold in a small travelling bag under my feet, and as the heavy carriage jolted over the stones, the yellow pieces jingled sharply, and I could see the eyes of the villains sparkle like stars.

"At length the high craggy peak was in sight, and I could see where the road wound abruptly around it. Thus far I had been torturing my brains to invent some way of escape, but without effect. I was as thoroughly hedged in as though bound by iron chains, and in a few minutes more all would be over! Still I felt for my pistol, and had it ready.

"Presently the diligence stopped at the foot of an abrupt rise, and the fellow who drove the oxen came and told the bandits they must get out and walk up. They stepped out at once, and in a moment more I heard a slight scuffle. I looked out just in time to see both the drivers lashed together by the arms, back to back. They must have been placed ready for the operation, for the thing had been done with incredible quickness. I drew my pistol and awaited the result. My heart was in my mouth, but the intense excitement rendered me strong for the while.

"In a few seconds one of the villains came and poked the muzzle of a huge pistol into my face.

"'Gold! Gold!' he said. 'Give me gold or die.'

"It was but the work of a second to knock his weapon down with my left hand, while with my right I brought up my own pistol and fired. The ball entered between his eyes, and he reeled back and fell. Then I leaped after him, for I saw his companion coming up upon the other side. I hoped to gain the dead man's pistol, but ere I could do so, the heavy hand of the living bandit was upon my shoulder, and his pistol aimed at my head. With the energy which the presence of death can alone beget, I knocked his weapon down and grappled with him. He hurled me to the ground as though I had been a child; but before he could follow up his advantage, the postillion cried out—

"'Hold Marco! A vettura is coming!'

"The robber turned, and in a moment more a heavy vettura, with four horses attached, came round the corner full upon us. I started to my feet, and saw my brother looking from the open window.

"'Help! Robbers!' I shouted, with all my might.

"The bandit had taken aim at the vetturino of the new team, but he was too late. My brother had comprehended the whole truth in a moment, and with a sure aim, and a quick one, too, he shot the villain through the heart.

"We secured my two drivers, and then matters were quickly explained. I told my brother all that had happened, and he then told me he had heard of my illness, and was coming back to see me. One of my sisters had been ill at Bologna, so that they had not yet gone to Venice, but were waiting until I should be able to join them. You can imagine how deep our gratitude was, and how fervently we blessed God for this fortunate interposition. My joy seemed to lift me up from the pain I had suffered, and I felt better than I had before felt for weeks.

"And now what should we do next? Should we let the two rascally drivers go, and turn about for Bologna?

"'No,' said my brother. 'Our sisters won't expect us for three days, so we'll carry these villains back and give them up, and to-morrow we'll go over in my vettura.'

"We tumbled the two dead bodies into the diligence, and then bound the two drivers, hand and foot, and tumbled them after. The oxen were cast adrift, and my brother's vetturino mounted and started the heavy team back, while we assumed the control of the vettura ourselves.

"The drive down the mountain was quickly performed, and the city of Pistoja was reached without mishap. The two dead men were recognized as old offenders at once, and my testimony very quickly settled the business for the drivers. On the next night we were in Bologna, where my sisters received me with open arms, and two days afterwards we were all in Venice.

"So much for my trip across the Appenines. And let me say to you—If you have ever an occasion to hire a special diligence, with strange drivers, to ride over the mountains of Italy, be sure that you are well armed, and have a trusty friend with you, if possible."

HAWTHORNE ON LEIGH HUNT.

A Personal Reminiscence.

In the forthcoming number of the Atlantic Monthly, Mr. Hawthorne concludes his article called "Up the Thames," with the following sketch of his first interview with Leigh Hunt:

"He was then at Hammersmith, occupying a very plain and shabby little house, in a contiguous range of others like it, with no prospect but that of an ugly village street, and certainly nothing to gratify his craving for a tasteful environment, inside or out. A slatternly maid-servant opened the door for us, and he himself stood in the entry, a beautiful and venerable old man, buttoned to the chin in a black dress coat, tall and slender, with a countenance quietly alive all over, and the gentlest and most naturally courteous manner. He ushered us into his little study or parlor, or both—a very forlorn room, with poor paper hangings and carpet, few books, no pictures that I remember, and an awful lack of upholstery. I touch distinctly upon these external blemishes and this nudity of adornment, not that they would be worth mentioning in a sketch of other remarkable persons, but because Leigh Hunt was born with such a faculty of enjoying all beautiful things, that it seemed as if fortune did him as much wrong in not supplying them as in withholding a sufficiency of vital breath from ordinary men. All kinds of mild magnificence, tempered by his taste, would have become him well; but he had not the grim dignity that assumes nakedness as the better robe.

"I have said that he was a beautiful old man. In truth, I never saw a finer countenance, either as to the mould of features or the expression, nor any that showed the play of feeling so perfectly without the slightest theatrical emphasis. It was like a child's face in this respect. At my first glimpse of him, when he met us in the entry, I discerned that he was old, his long hair being white and his wrinkles many; it was an aged visage, in short, such as I had not at all expected to see, in spite of dates, because his books talk to the reader with the tender vivacity of youth. But when he began to speak, and as he grew more earnest in conversation, I ceased to be sensible of his age; sometimes, indeed, its dusky shadow darkened through the gleam which his sprightly thoughts diffused about his face, but then another flash of youth came out of his eyes and made an illumination again. I never witnessed such a wonderfully illusive transformation, before or since; and, to this day, trusting only to my recollection, I should find it difficult to decide which was his genuine and stable predicament—youth or age. I have met no Englishman whose manners seemed to me so agreeable, soft, rather polished, wholly unconventional, the neutral growth of a kindly and sensitive disposition, without any reference to rule, or else obedient to some rule so subtle that the nicest observer could not detect the application of it.

"His eyes were dark and very fine, and his delightful voice accompanied their visible language like music. He appeared to be exceedingly appreciative of whatever was passing among those who surrounded him, and especially of the vicissitudes in the consciousness of the person to whom he happened to be addressing himself at the moment. I felt that no effect upon my mind of what he uttered, no emotion, however transitory, in myself, escaped his notice, though not from any positive vigilance on his part, but because his faculty of observation was so penetrating and delicate, and to say the truth, it a little confused me to discern always a ripple on his mobile face, responsive to any slightest breeze that passed over the inner reservoir of my sentiments, and seemed thence to extend to a similar reservoir within himself. On matters of feeling, and within a certain depth, you might spare yourself the trouble of utterance, because he already knew what you wanted to say, and perhaps a little more than you would have spoken. His figure was full of gentle movement, though, somehow, without disturbing its quietude, and as he talked, he kept folding his hands nervously, and betokened in many ways a fine and immediate sensibility, quick to feel pleasure or pain, though scarcely capable, I should imagine, of a passionate experience in either direction. There was not an English trait in him from head to foot, morally, intellectually or physically. Beef ale or stout, brandy or port wine, entered not at all into his composition. In his earlier life he appears to have given evidences of courage and sturdy principle, and of a tendency to fling himself into the rough struggle of humanity on the liberal side. It would be taking too much upon myself to affirm that this was merely a projection of his fancy world into the actual, and that he never could have hit a downright blow, and was altogether an unsuitable person to receive one. I beheld him not in his armor, but in his peacefullest robes. Nevertheless, drawing my conclusion merely from what I saw, it would have occurred to me that his main deficiency was a lack of grit. Though anything but a timid man, the combative and defensive elements were not prominently developed in his character, and could have been made available only when he put an unnatural force upon his instincts. It was on this account, and also because of the fineness of his nature generally, that the English appreciated him no better, and left this sweet and delicate poet poor, and with scanty laurels in his declining age.

"It was not, I think, from his American blood that Leigh Hunt derived either his amiability or his peaceful inclinations; at least, I do not see how we can reasonably claim the former quality as a national characteristic, though the latter might have been fairly inherited from his ancestors on the mother's side, who were Pennsylvania Quakers. But the kind of excellence that distinguished him—his fineness, subtlety and grace—was that which the richest cultivation has heretofore tended to develope in the happier examples of American genius, and which (though I say it a little reluctantly) is perhaps what our future intellectual advancement may make general among us. His person, at all events, was thoroughly American, and of the best type, as were likewise his manners; for we are the best as well as the worst mannered people in the world.

"Leigh Hunt loved dearly to be praised. That is to say, he desired sympathy as a flower seeks sunshine, and perhaps profited by it as much in the richer depth of coloring that it imparted to his ideas. In response to all that we ventured to express about his writings, (and, for my part, I went quite to the extent of my conscience, which was a long way, and there left the matter to a lady and a young girl, who happily were with me), his face shone, and he manifested great delight, with a perfect, and yet delicate, frankness for which I loved him. He could not tell us, he said, the happiness that such appreciation gave him; it always took him by surprise, he remarked, for—perhaps, because he cleaned his own boots, and performed other little ordinary offices for himself—he never had been conscious of anything wonderful in his own person. And then he smiled, making himself and all the poor little parlor about him beautiful thereby. It is usually the hardest thing in the world to praise a man to his face; but Leigh Hunt received the incense with such gracious satisfaction (feeling it to be sympathy, not vulgar praise), that the only difficulty was to keep the enthusiasm of the moment within the limit of permanent opinion. A storm had suddenly come up while we were talking; the rain poured, the lightning flashed, and the thunder broke; but I hope, and have great pleasure in believing, that it was a sunny hour for Leigh Hunt. Nevertheless, it was not to my voice that he most favorably inclined his ear, but to those of my companions. Women are the fit ministers at such a shrine.

"He must have suffered keenly in his lifetime, and enjoyed keenly, keeping his emotions so much upon the surface as he seemed to do, and convenient for every one to play upon. Being of a cheerful temperament, happiness had probably the upperhand. His was a light, mildly joyous nature, gentle, graceful, yet seldom attaining to that deepest grace which results from power; for beauty, like woman, its human representative, dallies with the gentle, but yields its consummate power only to the strong. I imagine that Leigh Hunt may have been more beautiful when I met him, both in person and character, than in his earlier days. As a young man, I could conceive of his being finical in certain moods, but not now, when the gravity of age shed a venerable grace about him. I rejoiced to hear him say that he was favored with most confident and cheering anticipations in respect to a future life; and there were abundant proofs, throughout our interview, of an unrepining spirit, resignation, quiet relinquishment of the worldly benefits that were denied him, thankful enjoyment of whatever he had to enjoy, and piety and hope shining onward into the dusk—all of which gave a reverential cast to the feeling with which we parted from him. I wish that he could have had one full draught of prosperity before he died. As a matter of artistic propriety it would have been delightful to see him inhabiting a beautiful house of his own, in an Italian climate, with all sorts of elaborate upholstery and minute elegancies about him, and a succession of tender and lovely women to praise his sweet poetry from morning to night. I hardly know whether it is my fault, or the effect of a weakness in Leigh Hunt's character, that I should be sensible of a regret of this nature, when, at the same time, I sincerely believe that he has found an infinity of better things in the world whither he has gone.

"At our leave taking he grasped me warmly by both hands, and seemed as much interested in our whole party as if he had known us for years. All this was genuine feeling, a quick, luxuriant growth out of his heart, which was a soil for flower seeds of rich and rare varieties—not acorns, but a true heart, nevertheless. Several years afterwards, I met him for the last time at a London dinner party, looking sadly broken down by infirmities; and my final recollection of the beautiful old man presents him arm in arm with—nay, partly embraced and supported by, if I mistake not—another beloved and honored poet, whose minstrel name, since he has a week day one for his personal occasions, I will venture to speak. It was Barry Cornwall whose kind introduction had first made me known to Leigh Hunt."

A SEVERE FIGHT NEAR SUFFOLK.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing on the 16th, of an engagement at Suffolk, says:

Yesterday we had the hardest fight—by all odds the severest infantry fight—that has ever been had in the vicinity of Suffolk. At about 10 A. M., our cavalry scouts brought us word that a heavy infantry force was advancing up the road, having already come as far as Beaver Dam Church, driving our pickets in before them. The main body of our forces were in and around Carrsville, admirably posted for either defence or attack; and one section of the Seventh Massachusetts Battery, the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, and two or three companies of the New York One-hundred-and-twelfth, were sent forward to dispute the enemy's advance. Our skirmishers immediately entered the woods on our front, and the balance remained in an open field, so disposed as to take the enemy's approach immediately he came up the brow of a hill in easy range.

Soon the skirmishers were heard popping away, and after a time they returned in good order, and the enemy appeared. Lieut. Farrar worked his two guns with great rapidity and power, and the incessant firing of musketry was like a magnificent roll of drums—the roll call indeed to many a one among the enemy. Owing to the character of the ground the enemy fired high. This continued for the space of three-fourths of an hour, and then ceased by the retiring of the enemy before two companies each of the Massachusetts Sixth and Tenth New Jersey that were thrown forward as skirmishers.

Nearly an hour afterward the enemy opened on us again, and, if possible, the rebel volleying was heavier than before, and did more execution in our ranks. But it was more than met by our artillery and infantry, and after continuing a little longer than before, it subsided again. When the firing ceased, we took a new and more favorable position, a few rods in the rear, where we were better protected. Several of Farrar's horses were disabled, and the artillery ammunition was nearly expended.

A third assault followed, more savage than either of the others, and for the purpose of drawing the enemy out of the woods into the open field, where we could treat them to more liberal doses of grape and bullets, our forces fell back. But the enemy were not to be caught in any such trap. Two sections of Howard's battery, Lieut. Hasbrouck, were on hand, and had the enemy approached within range, a sudden but sharp repulse would have been theirs. But, after a keener fire than before, the enemy gradually drew in his lines, and our own forces are this morning occupying a strong position in and around Carrsville.

VALLANDIGHAM MEETING IN NEW YORK.

The meeting called on Monday night week, in New York to condemn Vallandigham's arrest and trial by court-martial was a very large one, and the speeches of the strongest character. The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we, the citizens of the city of New York, here assembled, denounce the arrest of Hon. Clement L. Vallandigham, and his trial and sentence by a military commission, as a startling outrage upon the hitherto sacred rights of American citizenship.

Resolved, That the exigencies of civil war require the fullest and freest discussion of public questions by the American people, to the end that their temporary public servants may not forget that they are the creatures of the public will and must respect the obligations and duties imposed upon them by the Constitution of their country, which is the authentic, solemn expression of that will; and that, whenever, upon the orders of military commanders and from fear of their spies and informers, American citizens not in the military service shall fail to approve or disapprove measures of public policy, to denounce or applaud the commander-in-chief, and to advocate peace or war, as their judgments may dictate, they have ceased to be freemen, and have already become slaves.

Resolved, That we reverently cherish that great body of constitutions, laws, precedents, and traditions which constitute us a free people, and that we hold those who designedly and persistently violate them as public enemies.

Resolved, That we are devotedly attached to the Union of these States, and can see nothing but calamity and weakness in its disruption, and shall continue to advocate whatever policy we believe will result in the restoration of that Union.

Resolved, That at a time when our fellow-citizens are falling by thousands upon the battle-field, and human carnage has become familiar, we implore the Federal authorities not to adopt the fatal error that the system of imprisonment and terrorism will subjugate the minds and stifle the voices of the American people.

Resolved, That we call upon the Governor of the State of New York and all others in authority, as they value organized society and stable institutions, to save us from the humiliation and peril of the arrest and trial before military commissions of citizens whose only crime shall be the exercise of a right, without which life is intolerable, and republican citizenship a false name and a false pretence.

Resolved, That the refusal of the Judge of the district within which the Hon. C. L. Vallandigham is incarcerated, to grant a writ of *habeas corpus* is, in itself, a nullification of the Constitution, and an infamous outrage upon the clearly defined rights of the citizens.

Resolved, That we fully and heartily endorse the language of our noble and truly patriotic Governor, addressed to the meeting assembled at Albany on Saturday, the 16th inst., that the arbitrary arrest and imprisonment of Mr. Vallandigham is "an act which has brought dishonor upon our country, which is full of danger to our persons and homes, and which bears upon its front a conscious violation of law and justice.

Resolved, That while fully and heartily endorsing the manly and outspoken sentiment of the Governor of New York, we shall do all in our power to sustain him in his determination to preserve inviolate the sovereignty of our State and the rights of its people against Federal encroachments and usurpations.

HOW THE REBEL ARMIES ARE RECRUITED.—In a rebel mail, recently captured by our forces in Tennessee, a letter was found, from a Rebel officer to his wife, informing her that he was engaged in "hunting conscripts." He says:

"Yesterday I was out with four men. The first hiding-place we found was in a small thicket, between a wagon road and a creek. One of our party accidentally stepped into the top of the chimney. The den had been dug in the earth, a little larger than a grave. It had a snug little fire-place, and plenty of straw and a coffee-pot in it. It was nicely covered with boards, with a snug trap or fall-door to go in at, and the whole covered with leaves and brush so as to make a natural appearance. But there was no person within. This was something new to us. We then proceeded to hunt further. On the opposite side of where the man lived we found another den similar to the first, by the side of a large log. We have reason to believe there are many such places in this country. Therefore, the catching of conscripts has become quite a tedious business."

HOW THE REBELS GOT THE SPOILS.—The Washington Republican, alluding to the boast of the rebels that they have captured during Gen. Hooker's late battles "not only an immense number of small arms—variously estimated at from 30,000 to 50,000—but an almost infinite quantity of overcoats, knapsacks, coats and blankets," says that Gen. Hooker, in returning to the north bank of the Rappahannock with his army, left in various places upon the battle field of Chancellorville overcoats, knapsacks and blankets. They were deposited, from time to time, by order of the brigade and regimental commanders, to relieve the men of their burdens while fighting. Of course, the lines were constantly changing, and when the army was ordered by the General commanding to return, there was no time for the men to collect their goods scattered over miles of ground. Consequently they were abandoned, and, of course, the enemy is making the most of it.

MORMON IMMIGRATION MOVEMENTS.—The Deseret News announces that great preparations are making in Utah to bring across the plains "the poor saints who are immigrating to the valleys of the mountains." Over five hundred teams have been designated for transportation purposes. These teams are divided into companies of fifty, each with a captain, and thoroughly organized and equipped for the work assigned it. The rendezvous is Florence, Nebraska Territory, at which point the saints congregate preparatory to their movement across the plains. Very large additions will be made during the summer to the population of Mormon-land.

A LADY in Richmond says that the best hotels have raised board to ten dollars per day. Three dollars is the regular price at common boarding houses, and the food served is very plain indeed. Coffee and tea were hardly to be obtained at all, and common brown sugar brought one dollar and a half per pound. Clergymen pay $150 for an additional black coat, and a lately returned from the Yankee country had sold a single copy of Hugo's last novel for $100.

A CATALOGUE OF GREAT CO...

BY CHARLES LAMB.

Some cry up Haydn, some Mozart,
Just as the whim bites. For my part,
I do not care a farthing candle
For either of them; nor for Handel.
Cannot a man live free and easy
Without admiring Pergolesi?
Or through the world with comfort go,
That never heard of Doctor Blow?
So help me Heaven! I hardly have;
And yet I eat, and drink, and shave
Like other people, if you watch it,
And know no more of stave or crochet
Than did the primitive Peruvians,
Or those old ante-queer diluvians,
That lived in the unwashed world with Tubal,
Before that dirty blacksmith, Jubal,
By stroke on anvil, or by summat,
Found out to his great surprise, the gamut.
I care no more for Cimarosa
Than he did for Salvator Rosa,
Being no painter: and bad luck
Be mine, if I can bear that Gluck.
Old Tycho Brahe and modern Herschel
Had something in 'em: but who's Purcell?
The devil, with his foot so cloven,
For aught I care, may take Beethoven;
And, if the bargain does not suit,
I'll throw him Weber in, to boot.
There's not the splitting of a splinter
To choose 'twixt him last named and Winter.
Of Doctor Pepusch, old Queen Dido
Knew just as much, Heaven knows, as I do.
I would not go four miles to visit
Sebastian Bach—or Batch—which is it?)
No more I would for Bononcini.
As for Novello and Rossini,
I shall not say a word to grieve 'em,
Because they're living—so I leave 'em!

THE SERENADER.

Singing Tom fell in love with a maid,
Each night 'neath her window he stood,
And there with his soft serenade,
Awakened the whole neighborhood.
But vainly he tried to arouse
Her sleep, with his strains so bewitching;
While he played in the front of the house,
She slept in the little back kitchen.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Profession and Practice.

Two kinds of witnesses are often encountered in courts of justice—the *unwilling* witness, and the *too willing* witness. Here is one who does not seem to come under *either* category. The prosecuting attorney thus addressed him "Mr. Parks, state, if you please, whether the defendant, to your knowledge, has ever followed any profession." "He has been a professor ever since I have known him." "Ah! a professor of *what?*" "A professor of religion." "You don't understand me, Mr. Parks. What does he *do?*" "Well, generally what he pleases." "Tell the jury, Mr. Parks, what the defendant follows." "Gentlemen of the jury, the defendant follows the crowd when they go to drink." "Mr. Parks, this kind of prevarication will not do here. Now, state, sir, how the defendant supports himself." "I saw him last night supporting himself against a lamp post." "May it please your Honor, this witness shows an evident disposition to trifle with the honorable cour—" The Court—"Mr. Parks, state, if you know anything about it, what the defendant's occupation is. The court, let me say, has no idea that you *mean* to be disingenuous" "*Occupation*, did you say, sir?" "*Occupation*," answered the judge. "Yes," echoed the counsel. "What was his *occupation?*" "If I am not mistaken, he occupies a garret somewhere in town." "That's all, Mr. Parks. I understand you to say that the defendant is a professor of religion?" "He is." "Does his *practice* correspond with his *profession?*" "I never heard of any correspondence, or letters of any kind." "You said something about his propensity for drinking. Does he drink hard?" "No, sir! I think he drinks as easy as any man I ever saw." "One more question, Mr. Parks—you have known this defendant a long time. What are his habits—loose or otherwise?" "The one he has got on now, I think, is rather tight under the arms—it is certainly too short-waisted for the fashion." "You can take your seat, Mr. Parks."

A New Mode of Begging.

The Courier de Paris tells the story of a beggar who presented himself regularly at a certain coffee-house with a clarionet under his arm. "Will you allow me, gentlemen," said he, in an humble tone of voice, "to play a tune?—I am no *virtuoso*, and if you prefer giving me a trifle, I will spare you the annoyance of listening to me." Every one felt at once for a few stray coppers, and the musician departed with a profound reverence. This he repeated several evenings in succession. At last, one evening, a young man, who had never failed to contribute to the wants of the itinerant musician, asked him in a friendly manner to give them a tune, let it be good or bad; he wanted to hear him. "But I am afraid, sir. I shall disappoint you." "Never mind that, give us a tune." "But I am a very poor player, and I have a very poor instrument." "No matter for that, I want to hear you." "Well, sir, since you insist upon it," said the poor man, "I will tell you that I don't play at all. I carry this clarionet merely for the purpose of *threatening* people with my performance."

A Fashionable Dodge.

A lady, upon being told a friend wished to see her, desired her little daughter, about eight or nine years of age, to say that she was not in; upon this, the friend being anxious to have an interview, asked the child when her mother would be likely to return. The little thing very innocently said, calling up stairs, "Mamma, the lady wishes to know when you *will* be in?"

Art.

Some music teacher once wrote that the "art of playing on a violin requires the nicest perception, and the most sensibility of any art in the known world." Upon which an editor comments in the following manner: "The art of publishing a newspaper, and making it pay, and at the same time have it please everybody, beats fiddlin' higher than a kite."

Pernicious.

On the day for renewing the license of the publicans in the West Riding of Yorkshire, one of the magistrates said to an old woman, who kept a little ale-house, that he hoped she did not put any pernicious ingredients into her liquor, to which she replied, "There is nought pernicious put into our barrels but the exciseman's stick!"

Exempt.

We notice that several of our widower acquaintances have suddenly become solicitous about their young children, since they have learned that they owe to them their exemption from military duty! They don't seem so much impressed as formerly, with the necessity of providing a mother-in-law to take care of them.

Easily Distinguished.

A jockey Lord met his old college tutor at a great horse fair. "Ah, Doctor," exclaimed his lordship, "what brings you here among these high-bred cattle? Do you think you can distinguish a horse from an ass?" "My lord," replied the tutor, "I soon perceived you among these horses."

The First Quarter.

A learned lord, speaking of the salary attached to a new judgship, said it was all moonshine. Lord Lyndhurst, in a dry, sarcastic way, remarked: "May be so; but I have a strong notion that, moonshine though it be, you would like to see the first quarter of it."

Smart Boy.

A lady passing along the street, one morning last week, noticed a little boy scattering salt upon the sidewalk, for the purpose of clearing off the ice. "Well, I'm sure," said the lady, "this is real benevolence." "No, it ain't," replied the boy, "*it's salt*"

Anecdote of Swift.

Voltaire related to Mr. Sherlock an anecdote of Swift. Lady Cartaret, the wife of the Lord Lieutenant, said to Swift: "The air of Ireland is very excellent and healthy." "For God's sake, madam," said Swift, "don't say so in England; for if you do, they'll certainly tax it."

A Hero.

An Irishman who was reprieved, as he stated, the night before his execution, and who wished to get rid of his wife, wrote to her as follows: "I was yesterday hanged, and died like a hero: do as I did, and bear it like a man."

Saloon.

"Can you tell me how the word 'saloon' is spelt?" was asked of a cockney by a quizzical fellow. "Certainly," said the Londoner, with a look of triumph, "there's a hess, and a hay, and a hell, and two hoes, and a hen."

Pebbly Beach Philosophy.

"Women," replied the contemplative man, at Cape Island, last season, "are as deep as the blue waters of that bay." "Ay, sir," rejoined the disappointed man, "and as full of *craft!*"

AN EXCHANGE says, if you want a kind of money that will stick to you through any trouble, use postage stamps.

A CELEBRATED LEXICOGRAPHER is after a young lady to whom her lover gave his *word*.

PUZZLES, &c.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

ENIGMA.

I am composed of forty-three letters.

My 19 16 21 13 4 6 is one of the German States.

My 18 26 39 32 31 33 36 is the capital of the same.

My 2 29 15 42 20 30 41 37 13 17 is a county in Virginia.

My 25 27 35 28 is a very useful piece of writing.

My 5 40 1 7 13 26 11 16 43 is an expression which is very often practiced.

My 12 10 38 2 13 26 43 22 is a Post-office in McLean county, Illinois.

My 34 3 19 14 9 8 13 32 is a noted volcano.

My 8 24 is a preposition.

My whole was the number of troops from Pennsylvania in the Revolution. J. W. H.

Warren Tavern, Pa., 1863.

CHARADE.

In me two pairs of letters blend.
They form two negatives complete;
One pair diverge to either end,
The other in the centre meet.
I am the middle of the day,
I am the middle of the night,
Remaining always at a stay,
And settled always in the height.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why does the Queen of England wear ermine fur around her neck? Because she does not like to leave her *chin chilly*.

What musical instrument has had an honorary degree conferred upon it? Fid. le D. D.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN LAST WEEK'S "*Newspaper*:"—"*An Original Novelette.*"

ANSWER TO CHARADE.—"*Mint.*"